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Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

## HORACE, BOOK I., ODE 28.

## ARCHYTAS.

BY SIR STEPHEN E. DE VERE, BART.

## I.

ARCHYTAS! On the bleak Matinian shore  
 Beneath a scanty drift of shingle lie  
 Thy bones unburied. What avails it now  
 To thee that thou couldst mete the sea, the  
 land,  
 The wastes of the illimitable sand?  
 That with all-grasping vision thou  
 Couldst count the stars, th' aerial depths ex-  
 plore?  
 What profits this to thee fated so soon to die?

## II.

Tithonus withered in despair  
 Though wafted to the upper air:  
 The sire of Pelops feasted with the gods,  
 Now in the Stygian gloom  
 Forevermore he bides his doom:  
 And in those dark abodes  
 Sits heaven-born Minos, who could draw  
 From Jove the secret springs of Justice and of  
 Law.

## III.

Euphorbus died. His mortal frame alone  
 He gave to death, his spirit free  
 Lived in that sage\* who challenged as his own  
 The trophied shield of the Dardanian youth:  
 Again he died, but won from thee  
 Again, Archytas, immortality,  
 By thee the teacher hailed of Nature and of  
 Truth.

## IV.

One night awaits us all, and all must tread  
 The road unknown, the pathway of the dead.  
 On some by Furies driven the war-god bends  
 A glance that kills; o'er some the storm-blast  
 sends  
 The cold embrace of the insatiate wave:  
 The young, the aged, throng the grave:  
 Alike on hoary head and golden braid  
 The pitiless hand of Proserpine is laid.

## V.

Me too the southern storm,  
 Following Orion's downward course malign,  
 Whelmed in th' Illyrian brine.  
 Pause, sailor, pause; and o'er my naked form  
 And strengthless† head,  
 A pittance of poor sand in reverence shed:  
 So may the tempest lash the Hesperian shore,  
 So through Venusia's forest roar,  
 Yet spare thy bark, and that rich lading given  
 By fair Tarentum's‡ god, and Jove the Lord  
 of Heaven.

## VI.

Sailor, beware!  
 Not unavenged shall fall the slighted prayer.  
 Thy babes shall rue thy sin; no sacred rite  
 Shall on the horror of thy night  
 Vouchsafe one healing beam of expiatory light.

\* Pythagoras. † Hom. Ods. ‡ Neptune.

## VII.

Stay, stranger, stay!  
 Let fall with pious hand  
 A threefold gift of sacrificial sand,  
 Then take thy way.

Temple Bar.

## A SUMMER LESSON.

THE brook that threads the forest glade  
 Whispers, beneath the shade,  
 His dream of love to listening flowers,  
 Through the long summer hours;  
 While myriad insects, in their festive round,  
 Tune all the air to one rich harmony of sound.

The leaves, which rustle in the breeze,  
 Make music as they please,  
 And the soft zephyrs pass along  
 Echoing the mystic song,  
 Till the whole woodland like a chantry rings,  
 With antiphonal hymns, praising the King of  
 kings.

Here let us rest awhile, and dream  
 Upon sweet Nature's theme,—  
 The love of God in great and small,  
 And mercy over all,—  
 So fair a nursery garden still is ours,  
 Fragrant with memories dropped from Eden's  
 long-lost bowers.

If Love can bear so long with sin,  
 The heart of man to win,  
 If Heaven its beauty thus can spend,  
 Yet hardly reach its end,  
 How shall we dare to weary or complain,  
 Though all our toil and work should seem to  
 be in vain?

The palest flower that hides unseen  
 Beneath its leafy screen,  
 The smallest bird that sings on high  
 Its gladness to the sky,  
 The faintest whisper of the summer wind,  
 Each has its special work in God's eternal  
 mind.

A life of sacrificed desire,  
 A heart consumed with fire,  
 Eyes that can read in every face  
 Some lines of heavenly grace,  
 Lips that dare only speak kind words and true,  
 How shall they ever fail some heavenly work  
 to do?

Rise with the sunshine of the brook  
 Brightening in every look,  
 Fill thy hands full of God's dear flowers,  
 Born of the springtide showers,  
 Learn of sweet Nature how to work his praise,  
 And take his summer world to gladden wintry  
 days.

Good Words.

GENEVIEVE IRONS.

From The Gentleman's Magazine.  
SOME UNCONSCIOUS CONFESSIONS OF  
DE QUINCEY.

WE have De Quincey's own word for it that one of the characteristics of an opium-eater is that he never finishes anything. He is the slave of hopes that mock his efforts, but buoy him on to ever-new attempts. He lives in the ideal, the dream, the rapture of enjoyment; and reaction succeeds so soon upon indulgence that purpose droops, powers fail, and the threads, taken up with feverish energy and hope, are dropped in helplessness and despair. When, some years ago, it was my duty to examine various collections of papers belonging to De Quincey, one might at first sight have supposed that they furnished full evidence of the truth of his own saying. MSS. that have been printed had been preserved alongside of introductions to new essays never further proceeded with; scraps of letters of various kinds, begun, and left off in the middle, lay beside pages of printed matter margined with proposed emendations; multitudes of notes on widely contrasted subjects lay alongside of what seemed confessions such as a fastidious man would sketch out before finally entering up into a diary; and all alike impressed one with constant industry, care, and laborious fastidiousness, to a great extent rendered unavailable and inept for want of a very little method. For it was clear that, in not a few cases, these pages were alternative expressions of what had been already written, and that in some cases De Quincey had actually written out some of his essays in two distinct shapes or forms, and had been sorely puzzled which of them to adopt. As he read a book he seldom failed to communicate to paper in some form — it may be in a hurried note or in a letter to a friend which was never sent — his leading impressions of it; and this, although, in some instances, he may have had no opening, or even cherished no wish, to communicate his ideas on the subject to the public. Being much struck with many of these papers, and convinced of the light which some of them threw upon his habits of life and work, I took the

trouble to make extracts from a few of them; and a selection of these I now venture to submit to readers of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, with just enough of remark and commentary to connect them together. In doing this little bit of work, I have often been reminded of an essay, read now a greater number of years ago than I care to reckon up, on the question, What comes of those thoughts which are suggested while writing on any subject, and which, having, as it were, come and peeped over the horizon of the mind, fade and disappear again? Whatever may be said on that matter, it is clear that such *disjecta membra*, if unexpectedly seized in happy circumstances, will afford a fund of instruction and throw much fresh light on several points. These, then, are a few of the *disjecta membra* of De Quincey's mind, and they are given to the public as much for the side lights they cast upon him as for any value they may have absolutely in themselves. It is in this spirit that they are given, and in this spirit that they should be read.

We do not find that De Quincey has anywhere printed any deliberate opinion on the Brontë family — a circle presenting such remarkable contrasts of type, and such a remarkable mixture of strength and morbidity, that it is evident they must have proved a source of wonder, curiosity, and speculation to him as he read and listened to accounts of the impressions which their works and lives had produced upon others. And by any one acquainted with De Quincey's way of thinking and his points of view, his strange mixture of John-Bullishness with romance and sentiment, some slight qualification of the general pæan of praise was to be expected. Here is the manner in which he descants on the memoir by Mrs. Gaskell in a letter to a friend, apparently never sent.

"Mrs. Gaskell, to say the least, though a clever writer in her own walk, is not a very safe biographer. Twice already she has been threatened with actions at law for libellous and defamatory statements. Now, sometimes such things escape in the hurry of composition, or through various mistakes; but, really, *hers* were malicious; though in the case of Mr. Carus Wilson,

whom I have always had pleasure in believing a finished specimen of a certain religious party, she may have had some ground. Think of this man, when grimly lecturing the little trembling child C. B. upon her hesitating in beautiful sincerity of heart to win his favor by saying that she loved the Psalms, yelling out, 'How? not love King David's Psalms! Why, I have a young son who prizes them beyond gingerbread nuts.' And it appears that he was not without some excuse for making this pretence; since always on rejecting with disdain the gingerbread that sought to seduce him from his allegiance to the Psalmist, he knew by repeated experience that he should receive a triple ration of the nuts. In Charlotte Brontë's preternatural timidity, shyness, and shrinking from notice, surely there was a morbid basis of self-esteem, nourished almost to insanity by solitude. As to Emily Brontë, how unamiable does her reserve, carried actually up to her dying moments, appear! And in the story of the bull-dog she is shown in a repulsive character—brute against brute. Little did she or her sisters know the extent of the risk which they ran in the savage boxing-contest with him, had he *really* possessed that demoniac obstinacy and pluck which many bull-dogs have, but—luckily for them—he had not. The brother Branwell, evidently with some traits of genius, is left too unexplained. And the papa seems to me a strange embodiment of selfishness."

On the publication of De Quincey's memoir there was a good deal of difference of opinion expressed about his interest in public matters. His biographer had endeavored to show that he kept himself well posted up in all that was going on, and never failed to do justice to any special act of public heroism, keeping faithfully his great anniversaries, and so on. Various critics dissented from this and almost ridiculed it. But these papers attest a noticeable attempt to record his impressions of this kind. As a specimen, this excerpt, under date June 19, 1857, may be given here.

"I am looking with intense earnestness for the accounts of Master Yeh's licking, and for the everlasting dismantling of the

Canton walls and gates. Not that the two events can go together; wicked murdering Yeh being by all accounts posted some fifteen miles from the wicked murdering city. Sir John Ashburnham would have reached Hong Kong on the 15th of May. I hope he would recollect yesterday what day it was; although many of the troops are only now embarking from England, and nearly all the gunboats not yet ready for starting."

He was a true Conservative of a more liberal and philosophic type, and in ordinary circumstances would have stood faithfully by his party; but it seems that certain objections to some statements in his articles on Toryism had been advanced; and he thus justifies his position in a writing which has not been published.

"You complain that I have not deduced the history of the Tories as an acting party. But this, had you understood my way of treating the question, you could not have said. The *conduct* of the Tories—what they did, or why they did it—is perfectly irrelevant to my object; not their conduct, which (like that of all parties) often had no reference whatever to their party creed, but their *principles*—the doctrine upon which their party cohesion arose—that was all that I did or could concern myself about, and that had never changed. What is it to me that Messrs. A and B have sometimes forgotten or misinterpreted their own principles? My object was not *personal*; it was no part of my object to show that such a man or such a set of men had not acted inconsistently. No, but to inquire what was the coherent theory of political relations professed originally by a known party bearing a known name, and represented from generation to generation by an apparent body of heirs. Suppose that this party (nothing more likely) should, upon interested motives, have acted at times inconsistently, in a way that could not be reconciled with their principles; suppose, secondly, that this party should even have, without directly retracting their own principles, falsely interpreted them or have falsely applied them in practice; or, finally, suppose a worse case than either of these, viz., that this party should have formally



and deliberately retracted the original theory which distinguished them — what is all that to me? No more than to an expounder of pure Christianity it would be any duty to reconcile the early orthodoxy of those who justly styled themselves the Catholic or Universal Church in opposition to all modes of heresy [*aípeous*] with that subsequent distortion under papal interests which still claimed the title of Catholic after it had itself become the worst of heresies. His answer would be this: 'Were it any duty of mine to deduce the personal succession of orthodoxy, I must lose my cause. But what care I for that? The men, the inheritors in every age from the primitive orthodox, gradually and insensibly swerved from the right line until the common sense of mankind could see their crookedness, and the earth rose in protestation against them. Man is warped, but truth is eternal. And thus it happened that the straight line was suddenly and violently resumed not by the direct lineal successors of those who had been the early depositaries of the truth, but by new men remote and unconnected, whose singleness of eye enabled them to see the great distortion which those interested in it could not see.'

"Not I have erred, but you; though the error is very common with shallow newspapers and hurried readers, who have failed to catch the imperturbable logic of my position. I defy man or devil to shake my theory, which is equally novel and impregnable. That error, that radical error, which I charge upon all former theorists whatsoever (not excepting Edmund Burke) is, that they supposed it a matter of necessity for one or other set of principles, Whig or Tory, to be erroneous, just as in the case of Trinitarian and anti-Trinitarian one *must* be false. Now, I maintain that Whig principles and Tory principles are both and equally true; that they are opposed only as thesis and antithesis in polar opposition, and reconciled at the equator in a perfect synthesis; that they are opposed, not as logical opposites, but as algebraical opposites, where a motion = 5 deg. X -A, and another motion = 5 deg. -A, do not contradict each other except in the sense of coexistences in the

same moment of time and in the same identical subject — the one representing perhaps a motion eastwards, and the other an equal motion westwards, which are not only equally possible, but in the same subject."

In the article from *Tail's Magazine* on "The Political Parties of Modern England" (written in reply to one who had sent to the editor some objections to statements in his paper titled "A Tory's Account of Toryism, Whiggism, and Radicalism," as well as in the preface to the volume which contains the essay on Dr. Parr, it is true that De Quincey has there laid down the same principle as rendering necessary the two poles, as it were, of Whiggism and Toryism; but the passage is hardly so effective as here and the illustrations are less felicitous.

Not improbably this passage was written to form part of the article on "The Political Parties of Modern England," but was crushed out for want of space, or for some other reason (the editor of *Tail's Magazine* urgently desiring to stop the discussion). It would, at all events, very naturally come in at page 274, Vol. XV. of the "Collected Works," where we find the point dismissed in a single sentence, thus: "Upon these arguments, and the spirit of these arguments, I pronounce my censor wrong in supposing it any part of my duty to have traced the *conduct* of the Whigs and Tories."

Here and there we come on expressions, the most direct and honest, of personal experience — of sufferings, of regret, and lost hopes. They all bear the characteristic mint-mark, and, short as they are, themselves attest their authorship. These may be accepted as samples in this kind:

"It is a beautiful thought of Richter's that if Adam had, upon temptation from Eve, resisted it, God would have rewarded his faithfulness, not by exempting him from a punishment to which Eve would have been subject, but by forgiving Eve. The idea must have occurred to Milton, for he makes Adam say plaintively that if God should make another Eve, she could not replace to his heart the Eve who had shaken his felicity. Oh, yes, that is true! And if God could condescend to offer me

the choice to forego this suffering and travel back to birth and take another life with no such trouble in its web, I would hesitate, and — decline the favor."

"It is a maxim of mine that profaneness cannot co-exist with serious and deep feeling, however misproportioned; upon which argument I do not tax with blasphemy, as many have done, those zealots in the cause of Charles I. who drew a parallel between his sufferings and the sufferings of Christ; because, however extravagant that parallel might be, they who made it spoke in no spirit of levity, but in a spirit that was but too sincere and passionate, inasmuch as it reflected impressions derived from too close a contemplation of the object."

"*Mem. To enjoy is to obey.* — This would be the shortest expression (from Pope) for what I have circuitously labored to communicate in that part of my article on 'Coleridge and Opium-Eating' which respects Paley."

To the question of the relation of the author to his work, or the relation of the artist to his picture or statue, De Quincey often returns in these occasional notes. He looks at the matter from many points of view, tries to turn it round and see it in all lights; and the following may be taken as summing up his speculations on the subject. *The illustration from Milton's (quasi-dramatic) utterances respecting the "most musical, most melancholy" character of the nightingale's note is characteristic.* On such a point as this De Quincey's observation enabled him to speak with some authority, for he was, if not a lover of nature after the more modern type, at least a lover of night rambles, and even in his younger days would make long excursions on the Somersetshire hills, as later he did in Cumberland and in Scotland. This was a habit which he never abandoned, and his dislike of certain conveyances was very settled. Mr. James Payn — the last witness on this subject — brings it out anew in his recently published "Literary Recollections."

"One of the most perplexing of questions is the relation in which the personality of the artist or writer stands to his work, and the extent to which we may justifiably look on the one to throw light upon the other. Can the personality and character be in any way a key to what may have perplexed you or commanded your curiosity in the theme? When a man is pointed out to you as the architect of a great cathedral or aqueduct, you naturally

turn your head and gaze at him; but this is not because there is any logical connection between such a countenance or such a figure on the one hand and such an architectural monument on the other — the two terms in the case can do nothing to explain each other; they are not correlates, they are in no philosophic relation at all; they are simply in a momentary connection of casual juxtaposition; the link between them is accidental, not essential; is a case of mere fact, not at all of law.

The general case, then, is that between a man and the work of art or literature he has produced, the connection that exists is an inoperative fact, with no meaning as a law or principle of causation. But, on the other hand, there arise exceptional and well-marked cases where the particular character and idiosyncrasy of the writer enter largely into the kind of interest which invests the book. The nature of the man and the quality of the book are the two elements which co-operate as coefficients to the production of a particular interest as their joint result. For instance now, and as the very plainest instance which could be given, Charles Fox, and others before and since, have raised a question as to the true character of the nightingale's singing; is it cheerful, as some poets have fancied, or is it (according to the common opinion) essentially sad? Or, supposing the predominant character of the note to be plaintive, does that impression arise from the associated circumstances of night, of solitude, of woods in early summer? A mistake as to the quality of the note may readily be presumed and pardoned when a mistake has been made as to a broad question of fact. The nightingale (which in our island is not found north of the Trent) does certainly sing in the depths of night, and this has been naturally noticed, and from the fact of most other birds being at the time silent. But the nightingale sings also in the daytime. We have heard great orchestras of nightingales singing together in the woods of Somersetshire about 11 A. M. at the beginning of June. Confounded, however, with the songs of other birds, these easily escaped an undistinguishing ear. Or can it be said that the sadness is organically involved in the peculiar sound? Upon this many references have been made to Sophocles, to Chaucer, to various Italian poets, who had noticed the nightingale: and, finally, to Milton, who, having a musical ear, seemed to have settled the dispute by describing the bird expressly as 'most musical, most melan-

choly.' But then came Wordsworth and Coleridge, who contended that in nature nothing was melancholy — neither sight nor sound. Had Milton, therefore, who lived where nightingales abounded, been wrong in his epithets? No; Milton was not wrong, nor could he be, because in his own person he had given no opinion at all; but the opinion, though not Milton's, was wrong because one sided. Milton is here speaking dramatically — that is, he is speaking in the person of another man, and this other man is pledged in fact to error — that is, to a partial and distorted estimate of natural things by a morbid temperament. He, by the very title of the poem, is *il penseroso*, the pensive man, or man whose meditations are confessedly under an original bias to gloom and sadness. In this man's mouth the epithet *melancholy* has a characteristic propriety, it has a dramatic fitness, but no inference as to Milton's personal bias or feeling can be drawn from it."

Philosophy bears its own part in these notes and reflections. He takes up a term and analyzes it, and shows how, in the hands of many writers, accredited with powers of close and luminous thinking, it has been used loosely, or with different meanings in different relationships. On one or two counts Archbishop Whately does not escape, nor does Mr. J. S. Mill, and his strictures on some terms of Kant are certainly acute if they do not always escape a possible criticism of over-subtlety. Sir William Hamilton is regarded as being as true to his own terminology as any modern metaphysical writer. The following may be accepted as a characteristic piece of definition.

"I do not by the use of the word *Transcendental* mean the modern idea of Immanuel Kant. That is a word more impatient of circumscription within the limits of a definition than many of Kant's disciples are aware; and it is one of which Kant himself, howsoever his definition may be tolerated, never gave, nor *could* give, a decent exemplification. For, of all men since Bardolph, Kant was most plagued with the infirmity of mystifying what he desired to explain; and as regards all his attempts at illustration, he should have borne for motto *Ignotum per ignotius*, or sometimes, *Fumum ex fulgore*. Even geometry, in its sublimer altitudes, is sometimes called *transcendental*. That, however, would be but a rhetorical transfer; it would not indicate any specific resemblance between the two processes of geometry and Christianity

such as could illuminate the mode by which Christianity transmutes into life the dead generalities of pagan ethics, even as Paracelsus out of the ashes of a rose reconstructed the glorious flower; it would simply indicate that, in some vague general way, and as respected the degree, not the kind, Christian ethics had risen above pagan ethics, in the proportion that one range of geometry towers above another. But my meaning goes deeper. And again I turn to Kant. Though a man may not fully have mastered his important idea of *transcendental* (as opposed on the one hand to the empirical, and on the other to the transcendent), he can yet easily apprehend one element of the difference upon comparing Kant's transcendental categories with the more logical categories of Aristotle. The Aristotelean categories are mere forms and outlines; the Kantian introduce a material basis into such volatile entities. That basis is *time*, considered as an original perception, not (which afterwards it may become) as an idea. For all the *discursive* acts of man's understanding piled one upon the other, though they should reach to the summits of Ossa and Mount Pelion, will never reach far enough to obtain any glimpse of such an idea, unless antecedently there had been given (not found) a primary perception, a revelation, an *Anschauung*, an intuition of time as a synthesis, which originally is an *act* in us, and no mere idea. The difference, therefore, between the great Peripatetic and the great Transcendental philosopher is as between those *simulacra* of man which Æneas saw in Hades — pre-existing outlines of humanity, men that were to be but had not been — and those *umbra* which he saw in Elysium, or rather, as we may say, between the Virgilian *simulacra* and the ghosts of Christianity."

The John-Bull element in De Quincey has been much dwelt on; and it is indeed a surprise to find a man of his type so thoroughly inclined to find compensating advantages even in the climatic and other drawbacks of his own country. Here is a portion of an expostulation with "Foreigners or foreignering Englishmen," in which, under cover of a light bantering humor, he sends forth some light critical skirmishers who may do some real work even now. The foggy London climate and its inevitable accompaniments have not, that we are aware of, found hitherto such an apologist, who claims for them appreciable and memorable effects in literature and poesy, and even in painting —

though Turner does not happen to be named.

"I do not complain of your denouncing our London smoke as being *coal-smoke*: it irritates everybody—even those who have coals to sell. Moreover, it is an evil not perhaps beyond the remedies of art combining with police. And as to our fogs, they are far from being peculiar to London. But speaking generally of our murky atmosphere, without inquiring too narrowly into its several elements, I am much disposed to think that it has contributed to sustain our insular grandeur of imagination. Nobody will pretend to show us in any Continental creation the least approach towards the colossal sublimities of the "*Paradise Lost*." The "*Prometheus Desmotes*" of *Æschylus* is the sole poem that by its conception (but not very often by its execution) might challenge a place in the same chamber of grandeurs; for as to Dante, it is not awe and shadowy terror which preside in *his* poetry, but carnal horror. Like all those who treat a dreadful theme, he was tempted by the serpent to eat from the tree of fleshly horror; he did eat; and in that hour his poetry became tainted with the principle of death. Even for the present, with national jealousy working through six centuries on its behalf, *live* it does not. It does not abide in the heart of man, nor domineer by mighty shadows over the brains of men. This, with submission, gentlemen foreigners and foreigneering Englishmen, rascals too often and philo-rascals, is no trifle; not even in a history so high as that of our cosmos, and its cosmical relations. Since the deluge one illustrious land has produced cherries; another proudly points to anchovies; a third to hair-powder; and all the while England, poor thing! has nothing to show but such baubles as '*King Lear*' and '*Paradise Lost*,' a Francis Bacon and an Isaac Newton. However, we must make the most of these trivial productions, and endeavor to sustain the ineffable contempt of these foreigners and foreigneers who describe us as being not only the most abject of peoples, but also as the only one that is beyond all benefit of hope. I, for my part, still clinging to our '*Paradise Lost*,' and while looking round for the conditions of its possibility—why it is that we have, but that other nations have *not*, such a Titan monument of intellectual grandeur—I find part of those conditions in our turbid atmosphere. Oftentimes, when traversing the

streets of London, and witnessing those frequent combinations of distance and gloom, which show and startle only to hide, which open and reveal only to shut up again in secrecy forever, I fancy that in this I find a key, for instance, to the mighty adumbration of Death: '*What seemed his head, the likeness of a kingly crown had on.*' If, therefore, the London atmosphere sustains the mood through which people sympathize with the shadowy grandeurs of the '*Paradise Lost*,' I, for one, am content to tolerate the nuisance. Another case of fancied improvement tending to the same mirous result I observe in the modern exaltations of lamplight. Lord Bacon justly appreciated the vast advantages of lamplight over daylight for the dreamy pomps and pageantries of life. But lamplight that too literally emulates daylight is hurrying forward to forfeit these advantages. *Pol, me occidistis, amici!*"

And, under a sufficiently playful guise, it would seem that Mr. Grant Allen indicates to us the same opinion about London fogs and lamplight when, in his latest novel, he makes Cipriani, the artist, declare in justification of his desire to paint Maimie Llewellyn for Beatrice Cenci in London, on the ground that: "For Italy, nothing in England is equal to fog and gaslight. Your pretty Arcadian must come up to London and be painted in a drear-nighted December by London gaslight, to give the full effect, you know, of Italian sunshine."

This same idea seems to have occurred to that remarkable genius Amiel, so suggestive, far-sighted, and full of romantic and religious sentiment. He writes to the same purpose as De Quincey, though in a different vein, more grave and moralizing:—

"Fog has certainly a poetry of its own—a grace, a dreamy charm. It does for the daylight what a lamp does for us at night; it turns the mind towards meditation; it throws the soul back on itself. The sun, as it were, sheds us abroad in nature, scatters and disperses us; mist draws us together and concentrates—it is cordial, homely, charged with feeling. The poetry of the sun has something of the epic in it; that of fog and mist is elegiac and religious. Pantheism is the child of light; mist engenders faith in near protectors. When the great world is shut off from us, the house itself becomes a small universe. Shrouded in perpetual mist, men love each other better; for the only reality then is the family,

and, within the family, the heart; and the greatest thoughts come from the heart — so says the moralist."

The late lamented "Matthew Browne," whose acuteness and subtlety were only equalled by his clearness and precision of language, would have dwelt with quiet satisfaction on one passage in the above quotation, as expressing well one phase of a conviction that was long and earnestly entertained by him. He held that Dante had no real claim to the lofty place accorded to him amongst poets. Dante, urged Matthew Browne, was small souled, revengeful, cherishing memories of small slights or wrongs; and, because of them, condemning to inexpressible bodily tortures to all eternity those who had so crossed his path or his prejudices. He was, in fact, an embodiment of the jealousy, party spirit, and stunted, inhuman scholasticism of the Middle Ages, and remains its voice, instead of being the voice of any nobler element it may have had — Catholic or other. History did not bar his revenge any more than accident. And his imagination was harsh and personal, with no light, relieving touch of phantasy, any more than his genius was genial or attractive. "The voice of the Middle Ages" indeed! he would urge, the Middle Ages should be ashamed of their voice, resonant and penetrating though it was. Dante's imagination was on the one side rigidly personal, on the other side harshly fleshly, and cruel. There are no soft shades in it, no kindly condescension, no ray of humor; in contrast with that of Chaucer it was grossly materialistic and unnatural. Matthew Browne would have had some arguments to present to the Dean of St. Paul's — and such as the dean could not have regarded as either light or ineffectual. But, save in "Chaucer's England" and incidentally, Matthew Browne did not any more than De Quincey carefully follow up his position by exhaustive argument and illustration, though both believed that Dante did not *live*. And yet there are the episodes of Francesca da Rimini, and many other passages in the "Inferno," not to speak of the "Purgatorio" and the "Paradiso," to testify to some particular turn of tenderness in the severe and sardonic and torture-loving poet of the "Divina Commedia."

The tribute of praise that has been accorded to Dr. Johnson for his letter to Lord Chesterfield did not meet with De Quincey's entire approbation. Not that he failed to appreciate the dogged English

decision, the hatred of all cant, that characterized the veteran lexicographer. But he looked at the passages between Johnson and Chesterfield from his own point of view, and was justifiably anxious to try if nothing could be said for the earl in the affair. Carlyle and Forster, he felt, had somewhat overdone the thing, and this is his *caveat*.

"According to Mr. Forster (and Mr. Carlyle has held the same language), Dr. Johnson elevated the social rank of literary men in England; nay, he had even 'a mission' for doing so. He came as a Hercules to cleanse the earth for the opening of civilization. We venture to put in our *caveat* against too deep an acquiescence in this belief. Dr. Johnson elevated literature amongst us only as every man does so who strikes, by books written in various degrees of power, some chord of human sentiment or opinion not previously struck with the same effect of intent vibration, or lingering echo. But by his acts he did not elevate literature. We utterly deny the ordinary construction of the case between Dr. Johnson and Lord Chesterfield. So far from being the dignified course to take, so far from the famous letter being the dignified letter to write, that both have been represented, we insist upon it, that Dr. Johnson's behavior was that of a sturdy beggar who refuses to ask for money but expects to have it delivered to him *instantly* on looking through the window with a terrific face like that of Frankenstein's monster. And as to Dr. Johnson's letter, *that*, we say, was petulant and boyish at the best, but, at the worst, it bore a more sinister construction. All this let us show; and if any reader can overthrow us, let him do it, and welcome. What was it that Dr. Johnson was angry with Lord Chesterfield about? It was — that Lord Chesterfield had not sent him money. No very dignified ground, therefore, of expostulation, even in the case of his having had a right to expect money. Certainly it is not the first time by many that we have heard of bullies, in threatening letters, ordering a man to put a certain bank-note under a certain stone by a certain day; but it is the first time that ever we heard of a letter breathing the same essential spirit of malignant extortion held up as a model of dignity, and as a lesson in the art of — How to treat a lord, if you happen to be angry with him. Well, the doctor was angry at not finding a cheque on Lord Chesterfield's banker lying under a certain stone; and it is natural to be angry at



such a neglect, in case one has a right to look for that cheque under that stone. But how had the doctor such a right? Had he ever condescended to ask such a cheque? Beggars mustn't be choosers, but at least they should beg; or, if too proud to beg, they should insinuate their wishes; all of which Dr. Johnson had omitted. Perhaps then my lord had created the right by volunteering a cheque? Not at all; it no more occurred to him that any reason existed for his sending a cheque to Dr. Johnson beyond all men in England than for sending him a challenge to fight a duel. Here, then, we have reached the middle of the tragedy: the cheque has not been sent, and punishment must follow. Now, let us see in what way that was administered. He reproaches Lord Chesterfield, *inter alia*, with having kept him waiting in an antechamber. We have no means of knowing how Lord Chesterfield would have told that story; all depends on the duration of the waiting and the number of its recurrences; for public men, peers of Parliament, with splendid stations, splendid estates, splendid talents, cannot sit in their closets as tenants-at-will to the first obstreperous claimant on their time. Giving interviews to a long succession of applicants, they must unavoidably cause many to wait. If the doctor waited, others waited. But now try it both ways. Did the doctor wait often? Then behold a man dangling after rich men in hope of patronage. So far from elevating literature, here we have him as the last-recorded man that clung as a suitor to the degradation of patronage. And he rejects patronage only after patronage has rejected him. Now take it the other way. The doctor was too dignified to wait. Well, then, what's his charge against Lord Chesterfield? Such is the dilemma: *having* any charge, then, in that case, he confesses to continued acts of self-degradation; confessing to no such acts, in that case he has no charge. Here, then, we have disposed of Lord Chesterfield's *omissa*, as moralists say. Next come his *commissa*. He did not grant the interview at the moment of the doctor's summons; but he *did* grant two separate papers to a fashionable periodical miscellany in commendation of the doctor's dictionary. Was *that* an insult? If they were ineffectual to aid, at least they were kindly meant. But Lord Chesterfield wrote too gracefully to be utterly ineffectual with *any* class of readers; and it happens that the particular class which his commenda-

tions reached was exactly that which by influence and wealth and education was best qualified for giving effect to those commendations. And our private belief is, that the sale of the dictionary must have benefited materially, because instantly, by a sort of advertisement as commanding as anything in the shape of praise from the pen of Stanhope. Waive all this, however, and suppose the two papers to have done no good; at least they did no harm. And yet, except the dangle in anterooms which have been discussed, what is there, small or great, in the doctor's bill of exceptions against Lord Chesterfield? He says, in effect, that the praises had come too late, and that he could now do without them. Pause on that. How was Lord Chesterfield to praise a book before it was finished? That was impossible for him. And to Dr. Johnson it would have been useless; for the value of the praise as regarded *his* interest was to sell the book; which was impossible until it had been published. But it was a great misrepresentation to talk of the papers as useless because the book had now been published. A book is not really published — that is, dispersed amongst the public — simply because it has announced its own existence. Books that *in posse* are published, in the sense that at the publishers' they may be had on applying for them, very often *in esse* are never published at all. And it is notorious that in the case of heavy books like large dictionaries, moving off slowly for years until they have become talked into currency, no greater service can be done than to proclaim their merits at an early stage and through an effective organ. This Lord Chesterfield did, on Dr. Johnson's own showing, for the dictionary; and having done this, he did the dictionary a great and timely service."

"Hear all sides" is a safe and healthy maxim, and though Dr. Johnson's letter to Lord Chesterfield did service to literature, which is presumed somehow to have relieved literary men from patrons, we do feel that Lord Chesterfield might have said something in self-defence had he chosen. De Quincey has tried to say that something for him, and we venture to think that Lord Chesterfield himself would have urged that it was well said. Of course, the one strong thing to be urged in favor of Dr. Johnson is, that so far as he sought patronage and went dangling at great men's doors and waited in their anterooms, he was simply proceeding according to the use and wont of authors at the



time; but when he, whether rightly or wrongly, feeling that no effectual aid was derivable from that source, struck boldly in favor of a new system, then he acted on independent and individual promptings, and did a service in detaching literature from fashionable and aristocratic protection and patronage.

But it appears from many stray hints that De Quincey was by no means inclined to countenance the hero-worshipping spirit which is fain to translate the burly lexicographer into a pattern of perfection, towards whom literary men in all times should look, not only with gratitude for works of sterling merit and high practical value, for apt moralizings and for acute observation, for soundness of mind and for lofty benevolence, but also for unflinching veracity, depth of feeling, and the unconscious noble-mindedness which would not brook to stoop to small personalities and to mean revenges. Some of the faults of the doctor's character seem to have been very present to De Quincey. For example, we find him, in a note to his essay on "Lord Carlisle on Pope," writing: "Dr. Johnson's taste for petty gossip was so keen that I distrust all his anecdotes" — a very bold and broad assertion, truly, and one that would savor of unreasoning severity were it not that De Quincey himself had made a very close and almost exhaustive acquaintance with the anecdotage of Dr. Johnson's day as well as of his own. The essay on Miss Hawkins's book, as well as other essays — not to speak of incidental passages scattered throughout the writings — suffice amply to prove this.

Here are a few notes upon Miss Martineau's travels in the Holy Land, which are not without their own value and characteristic insight.

"The very boldness with which Miss Martineau makes war upon many Scriptural passages under their ordinary interpretation satisfies us that she is a believer in Christianity, and that her belief is sincere. A writer that will not turn out of her path for a moment, nor make a circuit, nor stand on one side, for the sake of evading collision with innumerable prejudices, assuredly is not the writer to court a momentary acceptance by hypocrisy. That audacity which declines even a prudential *dissimulation* such as we find justified by Evangelical precedent is little likely through fear or through favor to practise the fraud of positive *simulation*. We, therefore, with this view of Miss Martineau's temper and practice, honor

her whilst condemning her. Respecting her truthfulness, we lodge our protest against much that she offers us for truth. And in 'Palestine' more especially we find continual occasion to say: This woman is naturally right; she is pre-conformed to the Christian ideal by simplicity of mind, by sincerity, by sympathy with the unseen grandeurs that lie at the root of all religion; but, on the other hand, she is carried astray by a course of reading too desultory and too unharmonized, by conversation too superficial in its quality, too casual in its origin and movement, and, lastly, by the dogmatism, or tendency to dogmatism, incident to one who, as a lady, cannot have been sufficiently opposed — and, as a lady suffering under the infirmity of deafness, must have been too indulgently humored. Much learning, much false Germanity, hath made her delirious. And this word delirious we here use advisedly, and would justify it on the ground of its primary meaning and application. To say, in the original language of Festus, that much (German) learning has made her 'mad' would be too harsh. And, after all, her true defect is that, having much, she has yet a thousand times too little. But the word 'delirious,' construed by its etymology, exactly describes the case. This etymology is worth mentioning, as (thirty-five years ago) we heard a scholar so accomplished as S. T. Coleridge totally misstate it. He was in a heady current of controversial talk, and assumed for a momentary purpose that the word *delirium* had been derived by a metaphor from *lyra*, the musical instrument. We, however, *qui musas colimus severiores*, pulled him up in a moment, reminding him that on this assumption the word would be 'delyrium.' The Latin word *lyra*, the furrow made by the plough, is the true *radix*; to swerve from the normal line or to *delirate*. And this is what Miss Martineau does. Fixing her eye faithfully (as regards her purposes) upon the great master line traced and ploughed in by Christianity, too often she runs off upon side switches fraudulently laid down by some German signalman or pretended guard upon the line. And one of the most salient and unmistakable instances of this is when she shows fight, as we expected she would, on approaching Mount Carmel, and considers, in a very one-sided manner, the position of the prophet Elijah in his conflict with Baalim."

The pain and labor that it cost De Quincey to write the original edition of

the "Confessions," in 1820-21, is still attested by some remnants of the manuscript. He cancelled and rewrote over and over again many passages. This for two reasons: first, from fastidiousness as to style, and secondly, from the desire of disguise in certain particulars. Though he was, in the first edition, faithful to essential facts and impressions, he studied ambiguity in others in order that certain of those with whom he had been brought into contact in his period of wandering and trouble should not be too easily traced or identified. By the time he rewrote and amplified the "Confessions" in the final edition more than forty years had elapsed, and all necessity for this disguise and indirectness had ceased, of course, and he is frank enough as to such dates and individuals; but, unfortunately, he is less concise and consistent about some essential points, on which his memory had grown faint. Hence it happens that the original edition of the "Confessions" is that which should still be read; and Dr. Richard Garnett, in his addition to the *Parchment Library*,\* has made that easy, and has supplied a sheaf of notes that presents all that is needful to be drawn for help and illustration from the latter and more extended work. One of the notes affords a good illustration of the more important point we have now before us, — the careful way in which De Quincey cancelled, rewrote, and omitted most important passages. At p. 145 of *Parchment Library* edition, after the Easter-day dream, and the meeting with Ann of Oxford Street, a memorable passage, which concludes with the sentence, "I was far away from mountains, and by lamplight, in Oxford Street, walking again with Ann — just as we walked seventeen years before when we were both children," Dr. Garnett explains that "in the original MS. this was succeeded by the following passage, which was immediately cancelled by the writer, and has never appeared in any edition of the 'Opium-Eater.' I am enabled to insert it here by the exceeding kindness of Mr. H. A. Page."

"This dream at first brought tears to one who had long been familiar only with groans; but afterwards it fluctuated and grew unsteady; the passions and the scenery changed countenance, and the whole was transposed into another key.

Its variations, though interesting, I must omit.

"At length, I grew afraid to sleep, and I shrunk from it as from the most savage torture. Often I fought with my drowsiness, and kept it aloof by sitting up the whole night and following day. Sometimes I lay down only in the daytime, and sought to charm away the phantoms by requesting my family to sit around me and talk; hoping thus to derive an influence from what affected me externally into my internal world of shadows; but, far from this, I infected and stained, as it were, the whole of my waking experience with feelings derived from sleep. I seemed, indeed, to live and to converse even when awake with my visionary companions much more than with the realities of life. 'Oh! X, what do you see? Dear X, what is it that you see?' was the constant exclamation of M. [Margaret, his wife], by which I was awakened as soon as I had fallen asleep, though to me it seemed as if I had slept for years. My groans had, it seems, wakened her, and, from her account, they had commenced immediately on falling asleep.

"The following dream, as an impressive one, I shall close with. It grew up under the influence of that misery which I have described above, as resulting from the almost paralytic incapacity to do anything towards completing my intellectual labors, combined with a belief which at the time I reasonably entertained — that I should soon be called on to quit forever this world and those for whom I still cling to it."

Instead of these paragraphs, the words "As a final specimen," etc., are printed in introducing that dream "which commenced with a music which now I often heard in dreams — a music of preparation and of awakening suspense — a music like the opening of the Coronation Anthem, and, like *that*, gave the feeling of a vast march, of infinite cavalcades filing off, and the tread of innumerable armies." The omitted introduction is surely well suited to the dream, and furnishes a fitting bond of connection between that and the vision of Ann "under the Judæan palms." It is almost unaccountable, indeed, why it should have been omitted, and still more why it should have been overlooked by the author in the laborious revision of over forty years later.

A character and genius like those of De Quincey — at once so shy, self-secluded, and full of contradictions, and yet with not a few of the characteristics of the

\* Thomas De Quincey — *Confessions of an Opium-Eater*. Reprinted from the first edition, with notes of De Quincey's Conversations, by Richard Woodhouse, and other additions. Edited by Richard Garnett. Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.

genuine John Bull — deserves to be studied in all lights, and to be illustrated by all possible variety of expression and confidence on his part. It is much to be regretted that parcels of letters and papers dealing with considerable periods of his life had been lost and were not available when his biography was written; still more so that he himself did not undertake a thorough revision of his "Confessions" and the "Autobiographic Sketches" at a much earlier period of his life, while the mind was more pliant and the memory less treacherous. The extended "Confessions," indeed, are not to be trusted; he introduced what must be regarded as alien material liberally at the most unexpected points, and forgot to make the changes of dates and references rendered necessary by the additions and transpositions; with the result that on certain matters of fact the more detailed version, without reference to the original one, is hopelessly unintelligible and self-contradictory. The impression of the moment is too often substituted for the fact of the past.

But in one thing De Quincey seldom fails. It is in the subtle and characteristic quality of style, of language saturated with his individuality. Tastes may differ respecting it as a style to be imitated and to be recommended to young aspirants for study. But it is at once flowing and finished, easy and carefully elaborated, and it carries with it a subtle undercurrent of music, and, if we may call it so, interior harmony, such as is to be found only in a few writers of English in any age, and certainly more amongst the older writers, who laid the basis of our literature, than amongst authors of the present century — Sir Thomas Browne, Jeremy Taylor, and old Burton being prominent amongst them.

Thackeray wrote in "Pendennis" that "if the secret history of books could be written, and the author's private thoughts and meanings noted down alongside of his story, how many insipid volumes would become interesting, and dull tales excite the reader!" De Quincey's constant self-revelation and lyrical interposition, if we may call it so, to a certain class of minds must always add an intense interest to his books. In a sense, he gives us the secret history of the book along with the book itself in one form or another; and his works in truth present us to a great extent with two lines of interest alongside each other. If the reader is sympathetic enough, he can

easily step from the "public" rooms of the mansion of his mind into the snug, unpretentious retreat, where the master sits at ease, in his slippers, and imbibes his favored and potent potion, and talks of his own condition — his present feelings, and his regrets about the past; his pains, aspirations, and sufferings; the penalties, as he also experienced, that attach to all pleasures that others cannot healthily share, as old Tithonus likewise found, to his cost —

Why should a man desire in any way  
To vary from the kindly race of men?  
Or pass beyond the goal of ordinance,  
Where all should pause — as is most meet for  
all? —

and also the delights of triumph and the happy sense of sharing in common enjoyments and aspirations. It is this peculiar combination of confidence and of retreat from confidence that gives to De Quincey his peculiar quality, beyond what may be said to lie in his style; and on this ground he stands alone among his contemporaries, and may be declared egotistic without weakness, and garrulous without loss of dignity and good manners. On this account he will keep his place in English literature for many ages.

ALEX. H. JAPP.

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From Longman's Magazine.  
PRINCE CORESCO'S DUEL.

It was on a beautiful afternoon in the month of May that Prince Cosesco left his Roumanian home and set out for Paris. How glad he was to go! how delightful it was to him to contemplate the very name of his destination, printed upon his railway ticket! We, on this side of the Channel, shall never quite understand what Paris means to the fashionable and would-be fashionable young men of continental Europe. To them it is still — even in these days of republican government and diminished glory — the capital of the world, the centre of civilization, the city in comparison with which all other cities are but provincial towns. They take their tone from it; they assimilate, to the best of their ability, the little tricks of speech and manner in vogue amongst those who claim to lead its society; their great ambition is to pass themselves off as being in reality what they more or less skilfully counterfeit, and their ambition is doomed to perpetual disappointment. For if the model in question does not, to impartial

eyes, appear a particularly noble or inspiring one, it has at least the peculiarity of being quite inimitable; and one may safely say that no foreigner, whether Russ, Pole, Spaniard, or uncertain cosmopolitan Hebrew, ever has been, or ever will be, mistaken for a true Parisian.

Prince Coresco, however, though not the rose, had lived very near the rose. He was well known in Parisian clubs and at Longchamps and Vincennes and other places where people lose money; he lost his money (of which he had plenty) with a very good grace; and as, in truth, he was a well-meaning, kind-hearted, and simple-minded creature, he was liked as much as he was laughed at—which is saying a good deal. Not that he ever suspected his friends and acquaintances of laughing at him; it would have been a cruel blow to him if he had discovered that he was in any way a subject for mirth. To be accused of idleness or extravagance, he could endure; his mother sometimes did accuse him of these sins. But if there was one thing that he was more certain of than another, it was that no one had the right to call him ridiculous. He had taken such pains to avoid the possibility of incurring that reproach. All that mortal man could do towards denationalizing himself he had done; not for worlds would he have shown himself at any European court in the magnificent costume of his ancestors, which would have suited his handsome face and slim figure so admirably. A story used to be told of one of his compatriots, who, being present at a great function at Berlin, clad in the semi-military garb in question, was noticed by a high Prussian personage, who eagerly inquired his rank. "*C'est un Moldo Valaque, monseigneur,*" was the answer of the well-informed person applied to. "*Si jeune, et déjà Moldo Valaque!*" cried the high personage graciously, for, of course, he did not wish to appear ignorant of any foreign grades, however unfamiliar in sound. Some side wind wafted this anecdote to Paris and, most untruthfully, made our friend Prince Coresco the hero of it. "*Si jeune, et déjà Moldo Valaque!*" the young men at the club used to cry, pointing to his decorations, when he strolled in late at night, after attending some official reception. He had to give up wearing his decorations in consequence; he did not like to be reminded of those remote Danubian wilds where his estates lay. But he never showed any annoyance; his countenance at all times and

under all circumstances was perfectly impassive. It is not correct to exhibit emotion, and Coresco was *très correct*. Those young men occasionally called him *Correcto*; and he was not displeased with the nickname.

Now, as he took his place in the orient express, and seated himself in the corner of the little compartment reserved for him, he was a model of correctness from the tips of his waxed moustache down to those of his little shiny-leather boots. His dark-colored kid gloves were quite new; between his fingers he held a cigarette made of the choicest tobacco that money could procure; he crossed one shapely leg over the other and looked gravely contented. He conceived, indeed, that he had good reason to be so. He had at last reached the end of the long dreary winter; he had escaped from the dissipations of Bucharest, which were distasteful to him, as one accustomed to better things; above all, he had escaped from the matrimonial engagement into which his mother had tried so hard to inveigle him; and now he was going to live once more. It was a little late in the year, to be sure; but Paris is never really empty until after the Grand Prix; he would find plenty of his old associates at the club; the old whirligig of pleasure, which he was too young to have wearied of, would be all ready and waiting for him.

Thus, with his head full of agreeable anticipations, he gazed languidly out of the window at the vast, monotonous plains, at the bars of bright yellow drawn across them, here and there, by the mustard-fields, at the oxen dragging their primitive carts along the unmetalled roads, at the shaggy, bearded peasants who turned to stare at the train as it rushed past. "*Adieu, canaille!*" he murmured between his teeth.

As the shades of night began to fall, Prince Coresco grew hungry, and, getting up, passed into the adjoining restaurant, where many of his fellow-passengers were already seated at dinner. To ordinary travellers, accustomed to snatch hasty meals when and where they can get them, it appears something like the height of luxury to be permitted to sit down to a very fairly cooked dinner without leaving their train; but Coresco was fastidious, and the fare set before him did not earn his approval. He made a grimace, shrugged his shoulders slightly, and partook of it with resignation. He did not much like the company in which he found

himself either. It was composed of the usual horde of tourists returning homewards from the East—vociferous Germans, self-asserting Americans, and those astonishing English old maids who are to be met with in such profusion in every country under the sun, except their own. They were all rather dirty, shabby, and travel-stained. Coresco turned up his nose at them; he could not admit that people have any business to be dirty because they are on a journey. He himself was as spick-and-span as a new pin, and meant to remain so up to the moment of his arrival at the Paris terminus.

However, he ended by acknowledging that there were two individuals in this unattractive throng who might claim exemption from his vote of censure. Strictly speaking, there was only one; but he generously threw in the mother for the sake of the daughter. And indeed the younger of the two ladies who occupied the table facing his own was so charming in appearance that no one, looking at her, could have thought it worth while to waste time in criticising the elder. Her golden-brown hair, her soft hazel eyes and long eyelashes would have sufficed in themselves to insure for her the admiration of any appreciative stranger; but, in addition to these gifts, she had a something—a sort of frank friendliness of air, a mixture of innocence and hardihood, due evidently to childish ignorance of all evil, which is always especially fascinating to hardened men of the world, such as Coresco believed himself to be. He was not, as a rule, particularly fond of English people, whom he considered an ill-mannered race, but he was very fond of pretty faces, and the more he studied this one the more he became interested in it. He went so far as to say to himself that it was the prettiest face he had ever seen in his life.

After a time he saw it under a suddenly changed aspect. An animated colloquy had begun between the two ladies; the elder was making gestures of despair; she dived into her pockets; she turned out the contents of her travelling-bag; she fled from the dining-car and presently returned, red in the face and gasping; it was as plain as could be that she had mislaid her railway tickets.

"They are gone!—gone!" Coresco heard her exclaim tragically. "The last time I saw them was on the boat, crossing the Danube, when those tiresome people came bothering for them, and I must have

laid them down on the seat beside me. Very likely they were blown overboard. And the worst of it is that I have no money—only about two pounds! I wrote to the bankers to send us circular notes to Vienna. Oh, Daisy, what *shall* we do?"

Miss Daisy's face grew long, her eyebrows were raised distressfully; the corners of her mouth came down; it really looked very much as if she might be going to cry. This was more than the gallant Roumanian could bear. It is not correct to address total strangers; he had never been guilty of such a solecism before, yet there are occasions on which conventionality must yield to chivalry. He rose in his deliberate way, approached the ladies, made a low bow, bringing his heels together with a click, and said,—

"Pardon me, you are in a difficulty about your tickets, I think. Can I be of any service to you? I am well known on this line."

The girl who had been addressed as Daisy blushed and threw a grateful glance at the handsome, dark-complexioned young man who stood deferentially before her, hat in hand; the old lady broke out into voluble thanks.

"Oh, how very kind of you! If you would be so good as to explain to these people that we really are not swindlers! They will believe you, no doubt; I dare say they wouldn't believe us. We took our tickets from Constantinople, as they can easily find out by telegraphing. Anyhow, I will gladly pay the price over again as soon as we reach Vienna, but at this moment, most unfortunately, I have not enough money in my purse."

"Be at ease, madam," replied Coresco; "the affair shall be arranged at once."

He spoke quite good English, with only a slight foreign accent, for he had had an English nurse in his childhood; he was very good-looking and distinguished in appearance and manners. The old lady beamed upon him and nodded to him as he left the car. In a few minutes he returned, bringing with him two fresh tickets. "Search will be made for the others, madam, and if they are found your money will be given back to you," he said.

"Oh, but—but—" stammered the old lady, reddening, "I am afraid—have you *paid* for these tickets?"

Coresco smiled, showing his white teeth. He produced his card, scribbled beneath his name the address of his Paris club, and said, "You are perhaps travel-



ling also to Paris? When you shall arrive, I will send, with your permission, to claim my little debt."

"Yes, we are going to Paris," answered the old lady, "but we shall not be there before the end of the week; we are stopping a day or two at Vienna. I don't think we ought—really, I am quite ashamed——"

However, she could hardly refuse to accept the helping hand held out to her in such dire extremity; possibly, too, she rather liked the notion of being beholden to a real live prince. It is a title which has always exercised a powerful influence upon the British imagination.

"My name is Wilton," she said, "I will give you my card; we shall be at the Hôtel du Louvre."

There was a little conversation after this, but it was of a somewhat formal and constrained character. Coreesco was shy (although he would have been profoundly astonished if any one had told him so); besides, it did not interest him very much to hear Mrs. Wilton's descriptions of Constantinople and of the deficiency of proper hotel accommodation in that city. Miss Wilton took no part in the colloquy. With her chin resting upon her hand, she sat gazing at the flying landscape, with her profile turned towards Coreesco, who never removed his solemn black eyes from it. He wanted her to speak to him, but did not know how to make her do so, for his experience of unmarried ladies and their ways was extremely restricted. All the recognition that he obtained from her was a smiling good-night when she and her mother rose to leave the dining-car.

But the next morning, when he awoke, and, after performing his toilet with all the care and elegance that circumstances would admit of, pulled up his blind, he found that the train had already reached Szegedin in Hungary, and upon the platform there was a peasant girl, with great bunches of lilies of the valley, which she held up to him persuasively. He at once let down the window and purchased the whole of her stock in trade. Those pure white bells, those fresh green leaves, reminded him somehow of Miss Wilton, and he wondered whether he might venture to offer them to her. English people are so odd, he thought; you never can tell whether they are going to chill you with their prudery or take your breath away by their *sans-gêne*. Later in the day, when he found an opportunity of presenting his bouquet, he was almost awkward over it,

in spite of the little set speech which he had prepared and which he duly delivered. He did not blush, because men of his complexion very rarely change color. Miss Wilton did that for him; though she was far less embarrassed than he.

"Oh, what lovely flowers!" she exclaimed, burying her face in them. "How kind of you! Thank you so much!"

"I should have given you marguerites, should I not?" said Coreesco, with his slight accent. "But they are common flowers—not worthy to bear your name."

Miss Wilton laughed. "I think Margaret is a pretty name," she said, "much prettier than *muguet*, for instance."

"And Daisy," said Coreesco—"that is prettiest of all."

He lingered almost lovingly over the enunciation of the word, and then suddenly felt ashamed of himself. Little as he knew about British maidens, he knew very well how to make love; but he was not going to turn his knowledge to account in this case. In his punctilious way, he felt that it would be inexcusable to force anything that might seem like attentions upon a lady whom he had just laid under an obligation.

But Miss Wilton was unaware of the existence of such scruples or of any occasion for them. She thought this handsome foreigner a very pleasant young fellow—a little stiff, perhaps, and not remarkably brilliant, but quite a gentleman. She began chatting to him about her home in England and her anxiety to return thither, and the dislike to which she confessed for all modes of life that were not English. "It is pleasant enough to see new countries, but one is always thankful to get back to one's own," she said.

"That depends," remarked Coreesco, who, indeed, held a very different opinion.

"Well, I am thankful, at any rate. I don't think I should ever care to go abroad if mamma didn't enjoy it so much."

She soon became entirely at her ease with her somewhat silent companion; she even found some of his remarks rather quaint and amusing; but when, in the course of the afternoon, she and her mother took leave of him at Vienna, with reiterated expressions of gratitude and of hope that he would call upon them in Paris, she had no sort of idea that the train bore away a Roumanian prince who was already three parts in love with her.

If a man be altogether in love there is not much to be done for him, and the malady must be left to run its course, but



in cases which have not advanced beyond the stage of acute symptoms, alteratives may be employed with fair chance of success; and the truth is that, after Corecco had reached Paris and had been duly welcomed by his friends there, he did not think very much about Miss Daisy Wilton. Once or twice, to be sure, a vision of her fresh young face appeared to him in the wreaths of tobacco-smoke which hung above the card-table; but it was so obviously out of place in that atmosphere that he frowned and dismissed it. He had plenty of other subjects to think about which, if less charming, were more exciting. At least he had always hitherto found them exciting; but now, to his surprise and alarm, it began gradually to dawn upon him that the excitements of former years had lost something of their aroma. He was not enjoying himself; it was lamentable, but it was undeniable. Could he be growing old before his time? To prove to himself that this was a groundless apprehension, he dived into deeper depths, played more recklessly, dined and supped in more uproarious company, and did all that in him lay to merit that reputation of a *viveur* which is so highly esteemed in certain circles. But it was all in vain; he only succeeded in earning for himself a perpetual headache and a dismal inward conviction that even the pleasures of Paris are doomed to pall upon one who has made too intimate acquaintance with them.

Turning into his club one morning, to breakfast, he found an envelope addressed to him, which, on being opened, proved to contain a little bundle of bank notes and an effusive letter, signed "Margaret Wilton." It struck him as a very absurd, not to say annoying, circumstance that Mrs. Wilton should bear the same name as her daughter. Margaret indeed, when she resembled nothing so much as a full-blown peony! However, it had to be remembered, in justice to the poor old woman, that neither her name nor her complexion were of her own choosing; and she wrote in a very friendly and amiable way. Would Prince Corecco take pity upon two lonely travellers and dine quietly with them that evening, if he had no other engagement? They would be so glad to see him and to thank him again for his great kindness to them. "We heard nothing more of our lost tickets," Mrs. Wilton wrote; "I suppose they must have been drowned in the Danube, and what would have become of us but for your timely aid I can't imagine."

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Well, of course, he had another engagement; but equally, of course, he could neglect it; and he did. At the hour appointed he arrayed himself in accurate evening dress, stuck an orchid in his buttonhole, as usual, and repaired to the Hôtel du Louvre, where he was rather amused to find that he was expected to dine in the public restaurant attached to that establishment. The ladies were in travelling costume; they had only a little hole of a sitting-room, Mrs. Wilton said, and it was impossible to get attended to up-stairs. Would he excuse their lack of ceremony?

He made some appropriate reply which took a long time to deliver, and which Mrs. Wilton, who was garrulous and impatient, interrupted in the middle. Corecco was not greatly fascinated by Mrs. Wilton, but, after all, it was not for the pleasure of seeing her that he was dining in that caravanserai, and she made up in cordiality what she wanted in style. Besides, he discovered before the evening was over that she had other merits of a more conspicuous kind. What French mother, what Roumanian mother, would have calmly announced after dinner that she was going to write letters in her bedroom, and would have left her daughter to entertain a strange young man in the little darkening *salon* which overlooked the Rue de Rivoli and the stream of carriages and pedestrians there? Yet that was what this amazing Mrs. Wilton did; and Corecco quite loved her for it.

Nor did Miss Daisy appear to see anything odd or equivocal in the situation. Sitting by the open window, with her elbow on the sill, she prattled away to her companion with as little reserve as if he had been her brother. She had a hundred questions to ask him about Paris—the Paris of the tourists, which was to him almost an unknown city—and when he confessed that he had only once in his life been inside the Louvre, she threw up her hands in utter astonishment.

"Only once been in the Louvre! and yet you say you live so much in Paris? But what do you do with yourself, then, when you are here?"

"I dine; I sleep; I pay visits to my friends; I go to the races when there are any," says Corecco, gravely enumerating such of his habits as could be communicated to a young lady.

"And when you are not dining, or sleeping, or paying visits, and when there are no races?"

Corecco shrugged his shoulders.

"There always remains the play," he remarked, smiling.

"But don't you think it is almost too hot for theatres at this time of year?"

"I have used the wrong word, perhaps. You do not say the play? What I mean is the cards — the gambling."

Miss Wilton looked very grave over this explanation. She thought Prince Coreesco would be better employed in familiarizing himself with the works of art in the Louvre than in winning other people's money or losing his own, and, with a very pretty blush, she ventured to say as much. Encouraged by his silence and warming with her theme, she proceeded to read him a little lecture upon the duties and responsibilities of life. There is so much to do in the world, and there are so few people to do it! Most men must toil from morning to night only to keep themselves alive; and the rich, who have time and money — how can they expect to be pardoned if they squander both? Even innocent, healthy pleasures, such as hunting and shooting, ought not to be enough to fill anybody's existence; but gambling was not innocent; it was very wicked. "It is almost like stealing, I think!" Miss Daisy declared, trembling a little at her own audacity.

Coreesco listened to it all, amused, charmed, puzzled. "Since you deign to interest yourself in so unworthy a person, mademoiselle," said he, "I shall try to reform myself."

He went away at last in a strange and novel frame of mind. Undoubtedly there were ways in which his life admitted of reform, and he determined that reformed it should be; but never before had it occurred to him that gambling could be "very wicked." He did not, indeed, think it so now; still he actually refrained from going to the club that night, for Miss Daisy's sake. He went home, instead, and sat up until a late hour, placidly smoking cigar after cigar and recapitulating every word of the colloquy in which he had taken so small a part. Fresh horizons seemed to have suddenly opened out before him; in the course of a few hours a complete revolution had been effected in all his tastes and aspirations; he felt that he was capable of promising never to touch a card again. Cards! — as if the stale attractions of the gaming-table could compare for one moment with the delight of accompanying Miss Wilton to the Sainte-Chapelle and the Hôtel Cluny, as he had promised that he would do on the following day! He had, in short,

fallen seriously in love for the first time in his life, and he was aware of the fact and rejoiced in it, as inexperienced persons frequently do.

It was commonly reported at this time that Coreesco had left Paris; there were even some knowing individuals who could tell where he had gone and who had gone with him; nobody believed a preposterous legend to the effect that he had been seen driving down the Champs Elysées in an open *fiacre*, sitting with his back to the horses and facing two English ladies of respectable but quite unfashionable exterior. Yet this phenomenon, and others not less marvellous, might have been witnessed by Prince Coreesco's friends, had they been in the habit of frequenting the places in which he spent three perfectly happy days. He would not have cured if they had seen him; he had soared to heights which the shafts of ridicule could not reach; he asked nothing better than to be permitted to attend Miss Daisy on her sight-seeing expeditions, to carry her cloak or her sunshade for her, to listen to her prattle and bask in her smiles. She was very kind and gracious to him; his attentions were evidently not displeasing to her; and as for Mrs. Wilton, she was more than gracious. "I have the mother on my side," Coreesco thought, with modest exultation; "that is half the battle." It was natural that he should think so, having but a very slight knowledge of the social peculiarities of our free land.

But on the fourth day a cloud arose. Presenting himself at the Hôtel du Louvre after breakfast, as usual, Coreesco was disagreeably surprised to find a long-legged, broad-shouldered, fair-haired young man lounging upon the sofa in the little sitting-room and reading the *Times*. This intruder was made known to him as Mr. Power; the ladies called him Jack, and explained that he was a distant cousin of theirs.

"Jack has come over from London to escort us home," Mrs. Wilton said. "He thinks we cannot take care of ourselves; though I don't know why he should think so, considering that we managed to travel through Palestine with only a dragoman to look after us."

Coreesco didn't know why either. He instantly conceived a strong prejudice against the officious Jack, which closer observation did not lessen, and which he had every reason to believe was returned with interest. If instinct had not told him at the very first moment that Mr.

Power was his rival, circumstances must in a very short time have revealed the fact to him. Their party that day consisted of four persons, and it was evident that all future expeditionary parties would be so constituted. Mr. Power's company was not asked for; he accorded it as a matter of course. This good-humored, easy-going, and not over-polished young Briton had a way of looking at Miss Wilton which made Coresco's blood boil. It was not mere admiration that his blue eyes expressed—that might have been pardoned—it was simple, unconcealed adoration, with a shade of reproach and wonder in it. When he turned towards the Roumanian his brows contracted, and he scowled with just as little attempt at disguise. It seemed clear that he had either received or thought he had received great encouragement at some previous time.

What was consolatory was that his advances certainly did not meet with any encouragement now. Miss Wilton would not walk with him, would hardly speak to him, and more than once in the course of the day Mrs. Wilton pointedly begged him not to trouble himself with dancing attendance upon a couple of country cousins but to go away and see his friends.

"I always understood that you had such a number of friends in Paris, Jack, and that you enjoyed yourself so much with them. What is that game which you used to be so much addicted to, and which is always giving rise to such unpleasant scandals? Baccarat? Everybody has not the same tastes, fortunately. Prince Coresco, you, I am sure, are not a gambler?"

"Madam, I have abandoned the habit since a certain time," said Coresco gravely.

Mr. Power laughed, and Coresco turned upon him at once. "Monsieur finds that amusing?" he asked, with much urbanity.

"Awfully amusing; funniest thing I ever heard in my life!" answered the Englishman.

It was difficult to know what to make of such an unmannerly person; but, in the presence of ladies, it was perhaps better to take no further notice of him. The worst of it was, that Mr. Power did not seem to object to that mode of treatment. It was in vain that his cousins showed him the cold shoulder; he was neither to be offended nor to be shaken off; and when Coresco left them in the evening he had to leave his rival in possession of the field.

For two days this annoying state of things continued. Coresco was not jealous, for Miss Wilton welcomed him with more than her usual warmth, and lost no opportunity of snubbing the intrusive Jack; but, unfortunately, snubs did not prevent Jack from intruding and effectually putting a stop to those confidential and delightful conversations which good Mrs. Wilton had never attempted to cut short. In those unprogressive lands between which and Western civilization Prince Coresco's native country forms a sort of link, there is a very simple way of getting rid of obnoxious persons; you simply kill them or have them killed, and there is an end of it. Coresco—being so highly civilized—did not contemplate poisoning Mr. Power's coffee; but he really thought that he would be doing Miss Wilton a service by freeing her from attentions which were obviously disagreeable to her; and that was why, finding himself alone with his rival under the archway of the hotel one evening, after escorting the ladies home from the opera, he profited by that opportunity to stamp his heel with considerable force upon the Englishman's toe.

Mr. Power caught up his leg and made use of the national expletive.

"Sir," said Coresco, "I do not permit any man to address such expressions to me."

"I don't permit any man to tread on my toe," returned the other, laughing, for he did not at first realize that the provocation had been intentional.

A shrug of Coresco's shoulders enlightened him. "Oh," said he, "you did it on purpose, did you? All right, my friend; then I'll see if I can't make you swear too."

Thereupon he raised his hand, which was a large and powerful one, and, bringing it down with a resounding crash upon the crown of Coresco's tall hat, buried that gentleman's head in the ruin thereof.

It is not every one who, after being bonneted, can struggle out of his headgear and bow with dignity; but Prince Coresco accomplished that feat and did not swear. "You shall hear from me to-morrow, sir," was all that he said, as he majestically withdrew.

Mr. Power walked up stairs, sniggering to himself. "I think I made my friend look rather a fool for once," he muttered gleefully. "What a pity that Daisy wasn't there to see him!"

Coresco would have been inexpressibly shocked if he had heard that ejaculation.

To desire that a lady should be the spectator of a vulgar brawl! — atrocious! But Jack Power was not an ultra-refined person; he was only a very ordinary, honest, and somewhat devil-may-care young Englishman, who had fallen desperately in love with his pretty cousin during the preceding summer, and who, after some excuse had been given him for believing that his affection was returned, had been dismissed by a council of his cousin's family, upon the plea that his means were insufficient and his manner of life unsatisfactory. It was probably as much to remove her daughter from his vicinity as for any other reason that Mrs. Wilton had decided to spend the winter in the Holy Land. But Jack, in no wise discouraged, had changed his manner of life, had broken with sundry undesirable associates, and, by means of diligence, together with a little of such nepotism as is possible in these days, had obtained promotion in his calling, which was that of a government clerk. Thus, confident in his personal merits and improved position, he had hastened over to Paris to meet his cousin on her return from those Oriental wanderings, and had found her altered, distant, and, to all appearance, dazzled by the cheap glitter of a semi-Oriental prince. If Mr. Power was in Prince Coreesco's way, it is evident that Prince Coreesco was not less in Mr. Power's way. The latter, however, being an Englishman, had not thought of getting rid of his rival by the simple expedient of treading upon his toe and then running him through the body; still, now that the chance of thus disposing of a pestilent fellow had been given to him, he was not unwilling to take advantage of it. Of the art of fencing he had that complete ignorance which must always be accounted as bliss when compared with partial knowledge; he imagined that one man with a sword in his hand is about as good as another similarly circumstanced, and had a comfortable conviction that weight must tell in the long run. This extraordinary young gentleman went peacefully to sleep with the idea that he could impale Prince Coreesco, like a beetle upon a pin, if he chose, and his only fear was lest he should hurt the man mortally in so doing; for, of course, he did not want to kill him.

Coreesco, on the other hand, though he did not propose to kill the Englishman, would have done so, at a pinch, without any scruple at all. Why not? In a fair fight, one or other combatant must needs fall; and really there seemed to be no

reason for supposing that Mr. Power's death would inflict any loss upon civilization or humanity. What changed his point of view and caused him no slight perplexity was the discovery that a fight with Mr. Power would not, and could not, be in any sense a fair fight.

He found this out on the following afternoon, in a secluded, sylvan glade of the forest of Saint-Germain, which had been selected as suitable for the discharging of the business in hand. The preliminaries had passed off rapidly and with very little discussion. Power, who had numerous acquaintances in Paris, had easily found a couple of seconds; and as apologies were out of the question, no hitch or obstacle had occurred to delay the merry meeting. But what is to be done with a man who, the moment that his weapon has been crossed with yours, plunges at you like a born lunatic, in total disregard of all rule and science? Coreesco had no difficulty in parrying his adversary's furious onslaught; he would have had little or no difficulty in terminating the conflict in the first two minutes; yet he hesitated to take advantage of his superior skill. It is probably much the same thing to a bird to be shot sitting or flying; but it is not the same thing to the man who shoots the bird; and little as Coreesco cared about prolonging Mr. Power's life, he felt that he would be guilty of nothing less than murder if he slew one who was so completely at his mercy. Half vexed, half inclined to laugh, he contemplated his opponent's fantastic gambols and awaited his opportunity. He would give the fellow a prick in the arm and let him go, he thought; the whole thing was an absurd farce, and he regretted having brought it about.

But, alas! victory does not always declare herself for the strong or the scientific; improbabilities are continually happening, and combats have been won against overwhelming odds again and again since David laid the champion of the Philistines low with a pebble. These things have to be accounted for in some way, and when the strong man is beaten by the feeble one, we are generally told that the former has courted misadventure by despising his enemy. It may be that Coreesco fell into this fatal error, or again it may be that he was really confused by a method of attack which resembled nothing that he had ever seen or heard of before. In any case, it came to pass that, hastily parrying a wild lunge of Mr. Power's, he caught the point of the English-

man's weapon on the inside of his hand, which was instantly transfigured by it.

This performance put an end to the encounter, since Coresco could now no longer hold a sword. While the doctor was bandaging his wound for him, the Englishman came up and blurted out, rather awkwardly, "I hope I haven't hurt you much."

Coresco, always urbane and self-possessed, yet with a slight cloud upon his brow, bowed and replied, "It is a nothing;" and so the foes parted.

That evening there walked into a well-known Parisian club a gloomy personage, with his arm in a sling, whose entrance gave the signal for a general outburst of amiable raillery. "Heaven be praised! our Coresco is restored to us, alive, though wounded. Is it permitted to expose oneself to such dangers on the eve of one's marriage?" "Tell me, my dear friend, must we go to the Hôtel de Ville or to the Protestant temple to see the last of you?" "Ah, he is sly, that old Coresco! He discovers that in England there is no love without marriage; but he does not let himself be disconcerted by such a trifle. He gets somebody to fight with him; and receives an unfortunate wound; and, 'Mademoiselle,' says he, 'unhappily, for the moment, I have no hand to offer you; be contented with the knowledge that you possess my heart.'"

Why had Coresco, who knew very well that his seconds were not the men to keep so good a joke as his eccentric duel secret, laid himself open to these impertinences? For the simple reason that he could not show himself at the Hôtel du Louvre in his maimed state without entering into explanations, and that it was perfectly impossible for him to sit at home, doing nothing. After all, he was not easily put out of countenance, and two hands are not required in order to play baccarat. He gave himself leave to break through his recently formed resolution for that once. Even if Miss Daisy could know how he was employed, she would acknowledge that, under the circumstances, he had no alternative.

Baccarat, though it had lost its old charm for him, was all very well as a means of whiling the night away; but what was to be done with the long hours of daylight?

This was what Coresco asked himself ruefully on the morrow, and so unable was he to solve the problem that towards five o'clock he gave it up in despair and had himself driven to the Hôtel du Louvre.

He was not sure that it was in the best possible taste to appear in his disabled condition before the lady for whose sake he had allowed himself to be disabled; but there really seemed to be no help for it. He must carry his arm in a sling for the next ten days at least, and in less than ten days Miss Wilton would have left Paris.

He thought himself fortunate when he found the object of his respectful devotion alone; but his satisfaction was short-lived.

"Prince Coresco," she exclaimed, starting up with flashing eyes as he entered, "I hope—I do hope that you are ashamed of yourself! You, who, of course, like all foreigners, are an accomplished swordsman, to pick a quarrel with my poor cousin, who had done nothing to offend you, when you must have known perfectly well that Englishmen never fight duels! It was very wrong of him to accept your challenge; but he says that he could not submit to be called a coward, and I suppose no man would. And you pretended to be our friend!"

"But, mademoiselle," pleaded the astonished Coresco, "since Mr. Power has thought fit to take the unheard-of course of informing you that he crossed swords with me yesterday——"

"He did no such thing!" interrupted Miss Wilton indignantly. "It was the hotel porter who told our maid what had become of you both; and you may imagine what an afternoon we spent!"

"I regret it infinitely, and I shall have two words to say to the porter, who must be quite unfit for his situation. But I was about to remark that, since you are aware that a duel has occurred, you must also be aware that your cousin has known very well how to defend himself."

"That only shows that Providence protected him; it does not prove that you had any wish to spare his life. For Jack there was some excuse—more than one excuse, indeed; but I cannot see that there was the least excuse in the world for you. What possible reason could you have for fighting my cousin?"

"Ah, mademoiselle!—do you not know?" exclaimed Coresco. "Have you not understood that I love you? Pardon me that I so far disregard the proprieties as to speak to you in this way. I should, I am aware, have addressed myself in the first instance to your honored mamma; but I cannot endure to see you angry with me. Pardon me, also, I pray you, my unfortunate affair with your cousin. I



was, no doubt, in the wrong; I ought to have remembered that he was of the family; but I saw in him only a *prétendant* who was annoying to you, and —"

"Oh, but indeed no!" interrupted Miss Wilton; "he was not annoying at all." She paused, and then, with a considerable access of color, added: "Perhaps I had better tell you at once that I am engaged to be married to him."

Poor Coreesco fell somewhat heavily from the clouds. But he did not, even in this moment of cruel disenchantment, lose his sense of what was correct.

"In that case, mademoiselle," said he, with a low bow, "it only remains for me to offer you my sincere felicitations and retire."

But perhaps his face was more eloquent than his tongue, or it may be that Miss Wilton, being herself in love, was quick at detecting symptoms of a genuine case of that malady in another. She stepped hastily forward and intercepted him as he was making for the door.

"I am very sorry," she said simply; "I didn't know — I never supposed —" She held out her hand to him, looking at him with soft, pitying eyes.

"Dear Miss Daisy," answered Coreesco, "it is I who have been unpardonably stupid, and you have nothing to be sorry for. As for me, I shall be glad all my life that I have known you. I shall never marry, and I shall never cease to love you. You will not mind my saying that, as it is so very unlikely that we shall meet again."

"But I hope we shall often meet again, and I don't at all like you to say such things," protested the girl. "It would be dreadful if it were true; but how can it be true? In one short week —"

"One short week, mademoiselle, may easily count for more than ten years. During ten years it has never happened to me to fall in love; I thought even that I was not capable of love; but in a week you have shown me my mistake. I do not complain; it is not to everybody that a week of happiness is accorded."

The rejoinder which Miss Wilton was beginning to make to this somewhat lackadaisical speech was nipped in the bud by the abrupt entrance of her mother, who, taking in the situation at a glance, groaned aloud. "Oh, Daisy, you foolish, foolish girl!" she exclaimed.

Miss Daisy promptly turned and fled — which was, perhaps, the very best thing that she could have done — and Mrs. Wilton, relieved of a presence which might have been a little disconcerting,

plumped down into the nearest armchair and groaned again.

"All your fault!" was her first intelligible ejaculation. "You had my best wishes, I'm sure — and, really, I thought she had got over that silly infatuation about Jack. And everything seemed to be going so smoothly! But then you must needs go and spoil it all by fighting a duel with a man whom you ought never to have noticed. It would have been so easy to leave him alone! All yesterday afternoon we were expecting to see his lifeless body carried in upon a shutter, and I need hardly say that, when he made his appearance, safe and sound, Daisy simply hurled herself into his arms. Well, not literally perhaps, but it comes to the same thing. Thanks to you, they had a full explanation in the course of the evening, and he convinced her that he had been true to her during their separation — which she seems to have doubted."

"But, madam," said Coreesco, a little puzzled, "if you disapprove of this marriage, surely you, as Miss Wilton's mother —"

"Not a bit of it!" broke in the old lady. "In England we can't prevent our daughters from marrying as they please, unless they choose a man who is positively disreputable or impossibly poor — and not always then. When Jack first proposed he was very badly off; but he has obtained an increase of salary since, and Daisy has a little of her own, and — and so there is no more to be said. He is not a bad young man in his way; but — well, I wish things could have fallen out otherwise!" sighed Mrs. Wilton in conclusion, meaning, perhaps, that she would have liked her daughter to be a princess.

Coreesco got away as soon as he could. He was bitterly disappointed, but he bore his disappointment with a good deal of dignity. On the following day he called to make his adieux, and having been reconciled with his successful rival, who displayed much more embarrassment upon the occasion than he did, left Paris a few hours later.

Miss Wilton, on her wedding day, wore in her hair some magnificent diamond pins, fashioned in the shape of marguerites, which were not the gift of the bridegroom. The donor of these jewels is no longer to be met with in the gay city where he purchased them, nor has he availed himself of Mrs. Power's cordial invitation to visit her in her English home. He is at present residing on his Roumanian estates, the improvement of



which by scientific agricultural methods appears to occupy all his attention. He has confided to his mother that he is a changed man, that life has become serious to him, that he recognizes its duties and has ceased to care for its pleasures — that he has, in short, loved once and can never love again. He has further made known to her his unalterable purpose of remaining a bachelor all his days; but that is a bold assertion for any man to make in countries where maternal influence counts for more than it does in our own; and Princess Coresco, who is a wise woman and knows her own power, is content to smile at it silently.

W. E. NORRIS.

From The Quarterly Review.  
THE FLIGHT TO VARENNES.\*

SIXTY-THREE years ago the late Mr. Croker published in this review his well-known account of the journey of King Louis XVI. to Varennes, and of the Comte de Provence, afterwards Louis XVIII., to Brussels.† His narrative was founded mainly upon the "Mémoires sur l'Affaire de Varennes," then lately published in Brussels, which contained the relations of Comte Louis de Bouillé, of MM. de Raigecourt and de Damas, and of Captain Deslon, to which was added the evidence of the courier Valory. The apologies of the Marquis de Bouillé and of the Duc de Choiseul, with the accompanying documents, had been printed the year before. Fourteen years later, Carlyle published his history of the French Revolution. The second volume of this work contains some chapters upon the flight to Varennes, which are the most exciting portions of the whole work. Carlyle's narrative, which has been accepted as the standard English account of this momentous occurrence, is unfortunately both inaccurate and untrustworthy from beginning to end. Had Carlyle read Croker's

article in the *Quarterly Review*, he could not possibly have made the gross mistakes into which he falls. For instance, he reckons the distance from Varennes to Paris at sixty-nine miles, which Croker had already placed accurately at a hundred and fifty; he consequently makes the royal travellers travel at a snail's pace instead of going as they actually did at a very reasonable rate. He relies implicitly upon the narrative of Choiseul, which Croker had already seen to be an apology for misbehavior, and consequently untrustworthy. He applies no criticism to the narrative of Bouillé, who was equally anxious to excuse himself and to throw the blame on others, and he accepts without question the foolish gossip of Madame Campan. He does not even take the pains to read with accuracy the authorities with which he was acquainted. It is not, however, our present purpose to criticise Carlyle, but to gather from the new authorities, which have been published since the appearance of his work, a trustworthy account of one of the most thrilling episodes in all history, whether it be regarded in its incidents or its results. This episode, which is fortunately known in all its details, is far more impressive in its naked truth than it ever could be in the most imaginative fiction.

After the capture of the royal family, the chief actors in the flight were sent for trial to Orleans, where they underwent a searching examination. A full account of this evidence was published with facsimiles by M. Bimbenet in 1843, and republished by him in 1868. In 1866 M. Ancelon published "*La Vérité sur la Fuite et l'Arrestation de Louis XVI. à Varennes, d'après des documents inédits.*" This work contains portions of the diary of Madame de Tourzel, who accompanied the royal family. In the fifth volume of "*Revue des Questions Historiques*" (1868), M. Victor Fournel submitted the evidence available at that time to a searching analysis. In 1874 the Abbé Gabriel published, at Verdun, "*Louis XVI., le Marquis de Bouillé, et Varennes,*" the best narrative of the occurrences which had appeared up to that date. Before this, the *procès verbaux* of the principal towns concerned in the matter, of Châlons, Ste. Ménehould, Clermont, and Varennes, had been published either separately, or as appendices to other histories. These accounts, written at the very time of the occurrences, are of the highest value as irrefragable evidence. Lastly, the memoirs of Madame

\* 1. *La Vérité sur la Fuite et l'Arrestation de Louis XVI. à Varennes, d'après des documents inédits.* Par E. A. Ancelon, D.M. Paris, 1866.

2. *Revue des Questions Historiques.* Tome V. Paris, 1868.

3. *La Fuite du Roi Louis XVI. à Varennes.* Par Eugène Bimbenet. Paris, 1868.

4. *Louis XVI., le Marquis de Bouillé, et Varennes.* Par l'Abbé Gabriel. Paris et Verdun, 1874.

5. *Mémoires de Madame la Duchesse de Tourzel.* Publiés par le Duc des Cars. Paris, 1883. English translation, London, 2 vols. 1886.

† This article was reprinted, with additions, in Mr. Croker's "*Essays on the Early Period of the French Revolution,*" pp. 105, foll. London, 1857.

de Tourzel were published in *extenso* in 1883, while the diary and letters of Count Fersen, published in 1877, although dealing but little with the subject, throw unexpected gleams of light on some of its darkest places. Almost every particular of the event is now discoverable, and it only remains for us to combine these scattered lights into a true and consistent narrative.

The flight to Varennes was not merely a picturesque and thrilling episode in the French Revolution, it was also a great crisis in European history. Europe at this time was trembling at the approach of Jacobinism. The *émigrés* were beseeching every court, not only to deliver their sovereign from the danger in which he was placed, but to stamp out a fire which endangered their own security. The Comte d'Artois had formed a plan by which France was to be invaded from several sides, from the south by Spain, from the east by Savoy, from the north by the Austrians. The centre of this combination was the emperor, Leopold II., who had recently succeeded after the death of his brother Joseph. His position was a difficult one. He had found himself on coming to the throne in alliance with Russia, and at war with Turkey. His Belgian provinces were in revolt, his Hungarian provinces were disturbed. Prussia had concluded an alliance with Turkey, and was threatening war against the emperor, in which she was not unlikely to have the assistance of England and Holland. To move prematurely in defence of France, or to risk a defeat, might have led to the breaking up of the Austrian dominions. Leopold was uncertain of the attitude of the maritime powers towards the Revolution. If Austria exposed her flank, they might assist Prussia in the attack which she was always ready to make upon her rival. But the king once out of Paris and at the head of an army, the situation would be changed. Louis would then become a nucleus round which the forces of order might rally. By his successful escape from Paris he would have won the sympathies of Europe. To espouse his cause warmly would be the path both of honor and of safety. A false report reached Leopold at Padua that the king had been rescued by Bouillé, and was safe at Luxembourg. He wrote immediately to his sister, "The king, the country, France, and all other monarchies will owe their deliverance to your courage, your firmness, and prudence. Everything that I

have is yours, money, troops, everything, dispose of it freely." He sent the necessary orders to the Low Countries, he called upon Sardinia, Spain, Switzerland, Prussia, to take measures for assisting the king of France. Five days afterwards the terrible truth was known.

Thus, on the success or failure of the flight, the action of Austria, and through her of Europe, depended.\* The king was to go to Montmédy, but he was not to stop there. A camp was to be formed round the old chateau of Thonelle in the neighborhood. Bouillé's faithful German regiments were to be joined by a number of *émigrés*, but above all ten thousand Austrian troops were to be massed upon the frontier near Virton, a few miles off. This was the kernel of the plan. Unless the emperor sent his troops, Bouillé could not be certain of the fidelity of his soldiers, and he could have no excuse for moving the regiments which were to serve as a guard to the king's flight. Once out of Paris the king was a free agent, he would dissolve the Assembly, restore the clergy to their possessions, and, by thus destroying the basis on which the value of assignats rested, would cause a bankruptcy in France, and deprive his rebellious subjects of their sources of credit.† Escape would be the potent engine of a counter revolution.

The flight of the king from Paris had long been planned and discussed, but it did not assume a definite shape until after April 18th, 1791. On that day the king and his family, precisely the same party who started for Varennes, determined to go to St. Cloud, in order that they might perform their Easter devotions with a nonjuring priest. The royal carriages were not allowed to enter the Cour des Princes, the berline, in which the royal family were seated, was detained two hours and a quarter in the inner court by the National Guard. When the royal family came back to the palace, and the soldiers pressed round, declaring their fidelity, the queen answered them haughtily, "Yes, we trust you, but you must allow at present that we are not free." The king wished at first to go away in the latter part of May. He could not start before, because he was waiting for a fuller assurance of assistance from Spain, who had not as yet joined the other powers.

\* Albert Sorel in *Revue des Deux Mondes*, May 15, 1886.

† Klinckowström's "Comte de Fersen," i. 128. Fersen à Breteuil (wrongly headed Breteuil à Fersen), and Breteuil's Answer, i. 130.

Money, however, was urgently necessary. The emperor had been asked, not only to send his troops to the frontier, but to advance fifteen millions of francs for the enterprise. This last demand he refused, and it became necessary to obtain supplies from every available source. The king was allowed by the assembly twenty-five millions of francs, paid by monthly instalments. Two millions of this was due in the first week in June, and, considering the constant demands of Bouillé for supplies, it could not be dispensed with. So, on May 29th, the date of departure was fixed for June 12th; the two millions would be paid on the 7th or the 8th, but a democratic waiting-maid of the dauphin did not leave her service till the 11th. Before this proposal could have reached Bouillé, he had already begged that the journey might be put off till the 15th or 20th, in order to give time for the arrival of the Austrian troops at Luxemburg.\* Sunday evening, June 19th, was then agreed upon, but, at the last moment, another waiting-maid of the dauphin, who could not be trusted, caused the delay of another day. There is no reason for supposing that this change of plan made any difference. Bouillé was still at Metz; † he had only to alter the orders already given to the troops, and the sole effect produced was, that Choiseul's horses remained two days at Varennes instead of one.

The most active agent in the preparation for the flight was Count Axel Fersen, commander of the Royal Swedish regiment in the king's service, and an intimate friend of the king and queen. On the afternoon of Monday, he paid a last visit to the royal family in the Tuileries. He found them resolved on departure, notwithstanding the prevalent rumor that their plans for flight had been discovered. They were both deeply affected. The king said, in taking leave of him, that he could never forget all that he had done for him. The queen wept bitterly. To avoid suspicion, she drove out with her children to the gardens called Tivoli, and told her daughter while there that she must practise discretion, and not be surprised at anything she might see or hear.‡ Fersen then returned to his own house to make his final preparations; he visited the hotel

of Mr. Quentin Craufurd in the Rue de Clichy, then occupied by his mistress, Mrs. Sullivan, to see whether the new coach built for the king's journey had arrived from the coach-makers. At eight o'clock, having come home again, he wrote to the queen to alter the arrangements he had made for meeting the two servants who were to accompany the flight. As he took the letter to the Tuileries he found everything quiet. At a quarter to nine, the three bodyguards, who were to act as outriders to the royal party, came to Fersen for instructions. Once more he came back to his house, sent off a chaise which was to convey the two waiting-maids to Claye, gave his last orders to his coachman, Balthasar Sapel, and then mounted the box of the hackney coach which was to convey the royal family to the barrier.\*

The queen returned from her drive at seven o'clock. She then submitted herself to one of those elaborate feats of hair-dressing which excite our wonder in the portraits of the time. This process lasted more than an hour, and she then had an interview with the three bodyguards, who were to accompany her flight. Passing to her drawing-room she found the Comte de Provence, who had just taken an affecting leave of his sister Elizabeth. He had come with his wife to supper, according to his custom every evening, from his residence in the Palace of the Luxembourg. The supper was served at nine, and lasted nearly two hours. Monsieur and his wife were to leave Paris that night by different roads. They did not know whether they should join the king at Montmédy, or should ever see him again. The brothers, indeed, then met for the last time. Monsieur left the Tuileries never again to enter it, except as Louis XVIII., in 1814. After supper the queen dismissed her servants as soon as possible. She went to bed, or appeared to do so, and the attendant shut the door of the passage leading to her room. The dauphin, on returning from Tivoli, had eaten his supper and had been put to bed at nine o'clock. Madame retired an hour later, after having given orders to be called at eight the next morning. About eleven o'clock the queen knocked at the door of her son's room. He was fast asleep, but when she told him he was to go to a fortress, where he would command his regiment, he threw himself out of bed and cried, "Quick! quick! give me a sword

\* Fersen, i. 132.

† Bouillé says in his memoirs that the news of the delay reached him at Longwy, but the facsimile of his order making the necessary change is given by Bimbenet, and is dated Metz, June 15. He did not leave Metz till June 16.

‡ Relation de la Duchesse d'Angoulême, p. 4.

\* See Fersen's diary in his Life, i. 2.

and my boots, and let me be off." He was dressed like a little girl in a costume which Madame de Tourzel had already provided. His sister, who had been awakened earlier, wore a cheap dress of muslin, which had been bought a few days before for about three-and-sixpence. A piece of it still exists at Orleans, and M. Bimbenet has given a colored drawing of it. The two children, with their governess and the two waiting-maids, who were to accompany the royal party, met in one of the queen's apartments. The queen looked out into the courtyard, and saw that everything was quiet. The hackney coach was standing close by the door, in the farthest corner, by which it had been arranged that the royal family should escape. Fersen, who had made every preparation with skill and rapidity, sat dressed like a coachman on the box. This door led to the apartments of the Duc de Villequier; since he had emigrated to Brussels, it was but little used, and had been left unguarded. The queen solemnly entrusted her children to Madame de Tourzel. They passed through unknown passages to the unlocked door, and then out into the court. Fersen lifted the children into the coach, gave his hand to Madame de Tourzel, and drove off. A short time afterwards, the two waiting-maids were told by the queen that they were to drive to Claye. They passed down another staircase, left the courtyard of the Tuileries by the passage Marignan, and found a cabriolet waiting for them at the other end of the Pont Royal. There their unknown guide left them. They entered the carriage and drove off to Claye. Fersen, knowing that the rest of his party could not arrive immediately, took a turn round the quays, and returned by the Rue St. Honoré to the Petit Carrousel, where he waited near the house formerly occupied by the Duchesse de Valière.\* For at least three quarters of an hour no one came. Lafayette's carriage, guarded by dragoons, drove by with flashing lights. The dauphin, alarmed, hid himself in his governess's dress. Lafayette was on his way to the *coucher* of the king. He held him for a long time in conversation, for grave suspicions had been aroused. On that very afternoon the royal family had doubted whether it was wise to undertake the enterprise, as the news of their intention had got abroad. The guards had been doubled; everybody

was on the alert. About half past eleven Lafayette at last drove away. The king was seen to bed by the servant who had charge of his rooms. The doors of the great gallery were locked by the porter in attendance, and the keys were placed in his mattress, where they were found the next morning undisturbed. As soon as he was alone, the king got up and dressed himself for the flight.

The hackney coach had been waiting in the Petit Carrousel three-quarters of an hour. At last a lady was seen approaching it. It was Madame Elizabeth alone. Her attendant had left her as soon as she was in sight of the carriage. Not long after came the king. Madame de Tourzel tells us that the king said that he had left the Tuileries alone by the great gate, and that his shoe-buckle having become loose, he had stopped to arrange it with all the coolness in the world.\* The party were now all assembled except the queen. They waited for her some little time, perhaps a quarter of an hour, but probably not more than five minutes, and it may have been during this period of suspense, that Lafayette's carriage passed a second time, and that the king recognizing him called out, "You wretch," loud enough for Fersen to hear.† The story of the queen losing herself in the Rue du Bac is quite apocryphal, but there are two credible reasons given for a short delay. One, that leaving the palace last, she had unexpectedly found a sentinel at the top of the staircase by which she was to descend, and the other, which she told Fersen on his visit to Paris in February, 1792, that passing the Great Carrousel her conductor did not know where the Little Carrousel was, and at her suggestion, asked a horse-guard who was posted near. When she got into the carriage, the king embraced her, and cried, "How glad I am to see you here!"

For some reason, Fersen did not drive straight to the barrier of St. Martin. He went down the Rue St. Honoré till he reached the external boulevard, drove along it to the Rue de Clichy, and so on to the barrier. The guardhouse was lighted up. Every one was *en fête*. A marriage was being celebrated, with dancing and drinking, but the royal party were not recognized. Just beyond the gate they found the berline, a large travelling-

\* Madame de Tourzel, i. 300, and Journal and Correspondence of Lord Auckland, iii. 542.

\* Madame de Tourzel, i. 307. The well-informed narrator in Auckland, iii. 453 (perhaps Quentin Craufurd), says that the king was "followed at some distance by one of the *gardes des corps*."

† Auckland, iii. 453.

carriage, made to hold six people, which had been specially built for them. It was drawn by four strong Norman horses. Fersen's coachman, Balthasar Sapel, was riding one of the horses, M. de Moustier, a tall bodyguard, was on the box. M. de Malden, a second bodyguard, had already conducted the king or queen, or both of them, from the Tuileries to the Petit Carrousel, and had ridden in a dicky behind the hackney coach. M. de Valory, a third bodyguard, was spurring on one of Fersen's horses towards Bondy, in order that the relays might be ready when the travellers arrived. The hackney coach was driven up close to the travelling-carriage. The doors of both were open, so that it was possible to step from one to the other. The whole party was transferred, and the hackney coach having served its purpose, was tumbled into a ditch. Fersen mounted the box, and sat by the side of Moustier. He called out to his coachman, "Get along quick, drive as fast as possible." It was now two o'clock in the morning, and the dawn was already breaking in the east. The carriage had been waiting at the barrier for two hours, and valuable time had been lost. Fersen appeared conscious of this. He cracked his whip and called out, "Quick, Balthasar, your horses are out of breath, go faster," and the coachman urged his roadsters, thinking that his master might kill his own horses if he pleased. Sapel says that they reached Bondy in half an hour, three leagues or seven and one-half miles distant. At any rate they went a good pace. Here they found Valory with a new relay of six horses standing ready in the road. Fersen, after begging earnestly to be allowed to accompany the royal party, took an affectionate farewell. Happy would it have been if the king had granted his request! He leaped upon his horse, from which Valory had just dismounted, and rode by a cross-road to Le Bourget. He left that morning for Mons, where he arrived in safety.\*

It has been commonly said, that the carriage in which the royal family travelled was a lumbering coach conspicuous by its form and splendor. This is quite erroneous. It was a solid, well-built travelling-carriage. We possess a full description of it in the bill of Louis, the coachmaker who made it, and with little difficulty every detail of its construction could be recovered.† The body was painted black and

green, the perch under the carriage and the wheels the customary yellow. Madame de Tourzel tells us that there was nothing remarkable about it,\* and the minutes of the town council of Ste. Ménehould, which give an account of Drouet's exploit, make precisely the same remark. It attracted no attention in itself, and an older carriage would probably have broken down several times on the road. At Claye, the next post, the waiting-maids were overtaken, and the whole party proceeded in the full daylight to Meaux. The king was full of spirits. At last he said: "I have escaped from that town of Paris where I have drunk so much bitterness; be assured that once in the saddle I shall be very different from what you have seen me up to the present moment." He read out loud the long memoir which he had left behind him to be presented to the Assembly. He anticipated the happiness with which he would endow France, the return of his brothers and of his faithful servants, and the possibility of re-establishing the Catholic religion, and repairing the evils of which he had been the unwilling cause. At about eight o'clock he looked at his watch and said, "Lafayette is now in a terrible fix."† It has been said that the king walked up the hills, "enjoying the blessed sunshine," and generally conducting himself imprudently. As a fact there was very little sunshine to be enjoyed, for the day, although the longest in the year, was a dull one.‡ The king only left the carriage once during the journey, and then spoke to no one. The travellers were amply supplied with provisions, and took all they

\* Tourzel, i. 311.

† Tourzel, i. 312. We give in a table the approximate distances between Paris and Varennes, and the probable time at which the royal family arrived at each place.

	miles.	arrive at
Paris to Bondy . . . .	6	3 A.M.
Bondy to Claye . . . .	10	4-30 A.M.
Claye to Meaux . . . .	10	6 A.M.
Meaux to La Ferté sous Jouarre . . . . .	12	7-30 A.M.
La Ferté to Montmirail .	20	10 A.M.
Montmirail to Etoges .	17	noon
Etoges to Chaintrix . .	13	2 P.M.
Chaintrix to Châlons . .	13	5 P.M. { allowing for the breakdown.
Châlons to Pont-Somme- veuse . . . . .	14	6-30 P.M.
Pont-Sommeveuse to Ste. Ménehould . . .	15	8 P.M.
Ste. Ménehould to Clermont . . . . .	10	9-30 P.M.
Clermont to Varennes .	10	11 P.M.
Total . . . . .	150	21 hours.

‡ Comte de Provence's Narrative, p. 70. "The sun, which had not before appeared during the whole day, now displayed himself." This was quite towards evening.

\* Fersen, i. 2.

† Bimbenet, Pièces justificatives, 144.



needed in the carriage. The children walked up one or two of the long hills, but caused no delay.\* Between Chaintrix and Châlons the horses twice fell down, and broke the harness. This took an hour to repair, but, as far as we know, the carriage stood well. Châlons was reached at about five o'clock in the afternoon, at least two hours late. But an hour or more had been lost in leaving Paris, and an hour by the accident. As it was, the royal party had travelled more than seven miles an hour including stoppages, and that was a very good pace.

Nothing has been more misrepresented than the slowness of the royal journey. Carlyle says that they travelled sixty-nine miles in twenty-two hours, "slower than the slowest dray rate." From Paris to Châlons is at least one hundred and fifty miles, and twenty-three hours is the very utmost that can be allowed for the journey, including all accidents and all stoppages. Twenty-one hours would be nearer the mark. This gives the rate of over seven miles an hour for the whole journey, whereas travellers of those days often did not exceed three or four miles, and did not consider themselves aggrieved if they were detained several hours by an accident.†

At last the town of Châlons-sur-Marne was safely reached. The king believed that this point once passed all danger was at an end. At the first post along the road a detachment of Bouillé's army would be met, the precursor of many others, who would envelop the king and protect him safely to his frontier fortress. The horses were changed at the Châlons post-house, at the end of the town near the eastern gate; and tradition says that, as they were starting off, the team fell badly and again broke the harness; a presage of evil omen for their success. On they fared, past the triumphal arch which had greeted Marie Antoinette on her arrival as dauphine, past the Pilgrimage Church of our Lady of the Thorn with its miraculous well, past the road from Rheims, the city of the coronation, till in a deep and solitary valley they reached the lone post-house of Pont-Sommevesle, where the promised succor was to be met. Not a soldier was to be seen. Where was Choiseul? Where were the Lauzun hus-

sars? The king felt as if an abyss had opened beneath his feet. The horses were quickly changed, and the berline rattled on; but a heavy weight was on the travellers' hearts, which foreboded a coming calamity.

In the correspondence between Bouillé and the king there had always been talk of an escort. One reason why Bouillé had been acquainted so early with the king's plans was because his command extended over so large a part of France, and he had so wide a discretion over the movements of troops. Lately, however, his command had been curtailed, and the minister of war had intimated that troops were not to be moved without his authority. It is a mistake to place the fault of having an escort to the account of the king. Just before the flight we find Bouillé writing to Fersen, that he is to take great care about the security of the road as far as Châlons. Fersen replies, that it is not necessary to take any precaution between Paris and Châlons, that the best course is to take none, and that Bouillé would be wise to place soldiers nowhere on the Paris side of Varennes unless he can thoroughly trust them, for soldiers will create suspicion, which it is their first object to avoid.\* Still Bouillé is to be credited with the masterly skill with which he arranged that his troops should be passing through the towns on the king's line of journey, just at the time when they seemed to be preparing for military movements to repulse the Austrians who were approaching the frontier. The means by which this was effected, and the details of the military operations, will require a fuller explanation.

The regiment of Royal Allemand, on which Bouillé could count better than on any other, was posted at Stenay, a little town on the Meuse, ten miles from Montmédy, and about half-way between Sedan and Verdun. On the day of the king's flight about fifty troopers of the Royal Allemand were sent in advance to Mouzay, a village a short distance from Stenay on the road to Dun. At the beginning of June two squadrons of the Lauzun hus-sars, each one hundred strong, were sent from Toul to the frontier of the Meuse. A squadron and a half (one hundred and fifty men) were to remain in barracks at Dun, where there was a bridge over the Meuse which the king must pass. The remaining half-squadron, fifty strong, was sent to Varennes. But on the pretext of

\* Tourzel, i. 310.

† The diary of Essex, the architect, read before the Cambridge Antiquarian Society, March 15, 1886, says that he travelled between Calais and Dunkirk, August 20, 1773, with six horses, at the rate of nearly three miles and a half an hour, baiting the horses every six miles.

\* Fersen, i. 130.



the barracks of Dun being too small, the numbers of soldiers at Varennes were increased to about one hundred. Two other regiments appeared to Bouillé to be trustworthy; the Royal dragoons, commanded by the Duc de Choiseul, and the Monsieur dragoons, commanded by the Comte de Damas. The bulk of these regiments had been sent by order of the minister of war, against Bouillé's wish, into Alsace, but the dépôts, consisting of some of the best troops, remained behind. These Bouillé ordered to march to Mouzon, a town on the Meuse between Stenay and Sedan. On the way they were to rest two days at Clermont, and to despatch a squadron of forty men to Ste. Ménehould, on the pretext of escorting a treasure. Thus, with the specious appearance of guarding the Meuse fortresses, Bouillé contrived to collect troops in the various towns through which the king's flight was to take place.

The two squadrons of dragoons, two hundred and ninety men and two hundred and fifty horses, forming one column under the command of Monsieur de Damas, the contingent of Royal dragoons being under the command of Captain d'Andoins, arrived at Clermont on the morning of Monday, June 20th. They were quartered in the town, with the exception of forty men, under the command of Captain St. Didier, who were lodged at Auzéville, a village a mile and a half distant. Scarcely had the inhabitants of Clermont recovered from the excitement of their arrival, when forty Lauzun hussars, wearing bearskins with red caps, halted in the square of the town. Monsieur de Goguelat, an officer possessing the confidence of the king and queen, had been sent by them to Bouillé to help him in making the last arrangements. The choice was unfortunate, because of all the blunderers in this affair none was so bad as Goguelat. He disobeyed the most important orders that were given him, and everything left to his discretion was badly done.\* Goguelat, starting from Montmédy, had reached Varennes on Sunday evening. On Monday morning he took with him forty out of the one hundred Lauzun hussars who were quartered at Varennes. Their orders were to pass through Clermont to Ste. Ménehould, to proceed the next morning to Pont-Sommevesle, to await the king's arrival, or, as they were told, to

escort an expected treasure. The officer in command of the detachment was Lieutenant Boudet, but they were under the general direction of Goguelat. On arriving at Clermont, Goguelat found Damas and the other dragoon officers breakfasting in the Hôtel St. Nicholas. He delivered the verbal order which he had received from Bouillé, that the dragoons were to be saddled the following day at five o'clock in the afternoon. After luncheon, Goguelat rode on to Ste. Ménehould, distant about ten miles. His soldiers were not to be billeted upon the population, but were to lodge in public houses in the town. He therefore saw no need to inform the municipality of his arrival, or to sound his trumpets on entering as was the usual custom. This caused great irritation. Ste. Ménehould was strongly affected by the patriotic fever. A National Guard had been formed there, but it had not been armed. The irregular entry of the troops was resented by the population, and when they left the next morning for Pont-Sommevesle they were hissed.

At daybreak on Tuesday morning Lagache, a quartermaster of the Royal dragoons, was sent by Damas to Ste. Ménehould to prepare a lodging for thirty-three men and horses, who were to escort the so-called treasure on its arrival from Pont-Sommevesle. He found quarters in an inn looking on the great square and on the magnificent Hôtel de Ville built in 1740, not far from the post-house established in 1788, and kept by Drouet.\* At about nine o'clock, just after the departure of the hussars, a sound of trumpets was heard on the side of the forest road. Captain d'Andoins, who was in command of the troop, being warned by Lagache, took care to sound his trumpets, and to inform the municipality of his arrival. He drew up his soldiers in the great square, reported himself to the mayor, and was well received. This completed the chain of Bouillé's guard, which extended in unbroken series from Pont-Sommevesle to Montmédy. What had caused the desertion of the first link in the chain; how was it that the king on arriving at the post-house, where he felt certain of his escort, had found no one to meet him?

The Duke de Choiseul, commander of the Royal dragoons, had been sent by Bouillé from Metz, in order to give the king the last information about the preparations for the flight. Fersen expressed

\* Yet the king and queen trusted him and forgave him after the failure of the flight. Bouillé specially asked for him, and Fersen writes of him to Bouillé: "C'est un homme sûr, il ne faut que le modérer." (Fersen, i. 129.)

\* There is a plan of Ste. Ménehould in M. Ancelon's book.

at the time a doubt as to whether he was the best instrument for the purpose.\* Although devoted to the cause of the king, he was frivolous and hasty, and had not that spirit of calm patience and decision which was needed in the difficult crisis. However, he was very rich and of high rank, was colonel of a distinguished regiment, and was able to furnish from his own stables relays which were needed for the royal party at Varennes. It was arranged that Choiseul should leave Paris ten hours before the king. At two in the afternoon the queen sent to him her private hairdresser, Léonard. Choiseul took him with him in his carriage without telling him where he was going. They slept at Montmirail, left that town at four the next morning, and arrived at the post-house of Pont-Sommevesle soon after eleven. Choiseul found his orderly there with two horses. He went up-stairs to put on his uniform. The hussars had not arrived, but they appeared an hour later. Monsieur de Goguelat found Choiseul still dressing, and delivered to him a large packet of orders, which he had received two days before from Bouillé. Choiseul picketed his horses, and gave bread and wine to the hussars. The orders given by Goguelat to Choiseul were very precise. He was placed in command of all the troops posted along the road, having full liberty to employ force, if he thought best to do so. If he should hear that the king had been arrested at Châlons, he was to attack the town and to attempt a rescue. In this case he was to despatch orders along the line, so that he might be supported. When the king arrived at Pont-Sommevesle, Choiseul was to await his orders. If the king desired to be recognized, the hussars were to escort him with drawn swords to Ste. Ménehould. If the king wished to remain incognito, he was to allow him to pass quietly, but half an hour afterwards was to follow him along the road, and was to post a body of hussars between Ste. Ménehould and Clermont, who were to remain there for fifteen hours, and intercept every one who came either on horseback or in carriage from the direction of Paris. This would effectually prevent the king's being pursued. Further, as soon as he became aware that the king was at hand, he was to send M. Goguelat to inform the several detachments,

or, if this was impossible, he was to carry the news himself. Choiseul did none of the things that were expected of him. By some strange miscalculation, it had been said that the berline was expected to arrive at Pont-Sommevesle at half past two in the afternoon at latest, supposing that the royal family left Paris punctually at midnight. This would allow a pace of eight miles an hour, including all stoppages, and without any accidents. A courier, Choiseul says in his defence, was to precede the royal carriage by an hour; therefore, when three o'clock and four o'clock arrived, and neither courier nor carriage was to be seen, Choiseul began to be very anxious. He tells us that the peasants of a neighboring village, which are believed to be those of Courtisols, were assembling in a threatening attitude, thinking that the hussars were come to make them pay their rents. At four o'clock, therefore, he sends off Léonard, the hairdresser, in his own postchaise, telling him to inform the detachments that he feared the travellers would not pass that day, in short that the whole scheme had probably collapsed. He asserts that after this he waited another hour, and finally, at about half past five or a quarter to six, retreated with his hussars slowly on the road to Orbeval. Unfortunately, the account of the Duc de Choiseul, which has been so often followed, is of the nature of a personal exculpation, and cannot be received as evidence. Two things we know for certain—that the royal travellers found the road between Châlons and Pont-Sommevesle absolutely quiet and deserted; they heard no news of any troops, or of any disturbance among the peasantry; and that if Choiseul had really remained at Pont-Sommevesle till a quarter to six, and then marched slowly towards Orbeval, the berline which arrived at Pont-Sommevesle between six and half past must inevitably have caught him up. We do not know when Choiseul left Pont-Sommevesle, but we do know that he entirely lost his head.\*

It is also certain that Choiseul ought in any case to have waited for the courier Valory. Valory had been ordered, in case the king should not reach Bondy before 3 30 A.M., to ride along the road to Montmédy, and to inform the detachments that the enterprise had failed. Choiseul's neglect to wait for Valory in any case,

\* Fersen writes to Bouillé: "Tâchez, s'il est possible, de ne pas envoyer le Duc de Choiseul ici; personne n'est sans doute plus attaché, mais c'est un jeune homme, un brouillon, je crains quelque indiscretion. . . . Renvoyez plutôt Goguelat." (Fersen, i. 136.)

\* We know that he was at Neuville-au-Pont at a little before eight.

whether preceding the king or not, was quite inexcusable.

Valory, on arriving at Pont-Sommevesle, found the post deserted, and asked no questions of the postmaster. He left money to pay for a glass of brandy for each of the postboys, and had the new horses brought out into the road. He then mounted a fresh steed, and galloped towards Ste. Ménéhould. What had happened in that town since the morning? D'Andoins had been there with his thirty-three dragoons since nine o'clock. They were ordered to remain saddled all day, ready to march at any moment. At five in the afternoon D'Andoins walked out on the road to Pont-Sommevesle, but saw nothing. Shortly afterwards Léonard, the hairdresser, arrived with Choiseul's message, that the treasure would probably not pass that day. The dragoons saw their colonel's carriage pass with his servant, whom they recognized. Lagache, who was probably in the secret of the flight, thought it best to test the loyalty of the dragoons by sounding the assembly. Each trooper left his occupation at the call of duty, and stood in due obedience by his charger. D'Andoins, coming up directly afterwards, rebuked Lagache for the rashness of his conduct in collecting the troopers. He was evidently frightened by the responsibility of facing an irritated democracy, and his chief anxiety was to save his own skin at any cost. He ordered the horses to be unsaddled, in spite of Lagache's remonstrances. Scarcely half an hour after this had been done, Valory galloped up, and twenty minutes later the berline rolled towards the post-house.

The arrival of a large and luxurious travelling-coach would cause excitement at any time in a town like Ste. Ménéhould; but the town was not in its ordinary condition. The passing of Goguelat's hussars had exasperated the citizens, and the arrival of the dragoons, an hour after the hussars had left, increased their excitement. At about half past ten in the morning the inhabitants began to assemble in knots in the streets, and at midday a formal request was made to the mayor to deliver to the National Guards, who had been already enrolled, the three hundred muskets which had been sent for their use from Châlons. This was immediately done, and it was arranged that the new force should mount guard every evening at eight o'clock. Valory tells us that Ste. Ménéhould was the first town on the road where he saw the National

Guards in uniform. When the large travelling-coach arrived with its outriders and postchaise, although it was not specially remarkable in itself, it naturally attracted attention. The dragoons, unfortunately separated from their horses, drew up in front of the hostelry of the Golden Sun to gaze at it. Some of them saluted the travellers, as a mark of respect, not knowing who they were, and the queen graciously returned their salutation. D'Andoins kept in the background as much as possible, but he had time to whisper to those in the carriage, "Your plans are badly laid; I will go away to avoid suspicion." He also made a sign to Valory to harness quickly, but Valory interpreted this as a wish to speak to him, and their conversation roused the attention of the crowd. Just as the fresh horses were being harnessed, J. B. Drouet, the postmaster, arrived from a field which he had been cultivating in the neighborhood. The name of it, Malassise, still lives in local tradition. He was a young man of twenty-eight, but had served in the Condé dragoons, and had seen the queen at Versailles. He now thought he recognized her. At this moment the king put his head out of the carriage to speak to Valory or to some one else,\* and Drouet, by a sudden inspiration, compared the portrait on the assignat, with which Valory had just paid the relays, with the head of the traveller in the berline. He noticed the long aquiline nose, the short-sighted look, the spotted complexion; and when a message from the town council came to ask his opinion, he had no doubt that the berline contained the king and his family. Indeed, the recognition of the king appears to have been made simultaneously by many of the loiterers. Dumas relates in his "Route de Varennes" that an old inhabitant of Ste. Ménéhould told him that, as a boy, whilst standing at the door of the *poste aux lettres*, the postmaster (not Drouet) cried at the sight of the berline, "Voici le roi et sa famille." The suspicion quickly ran from mouth to mouth; it was increased by the action of the brave Lagache, who, determining that one dragoon at least should do his duty and follow his sovereign, clutched his reins in his teeth, and with a pistol in each hand broke through the opposing crowd, firing a shot as he passed. A

\* At one time the king thought of taking M. de Saint-Priest with him. Fersen says, "Il lui faut en voiture quelqu'un qui puisse parler, si cela était nécessaire." (Fersen, i. 125.)

man tried to stop him as he rode over the little bridge leading to the wood, but, on Lagache presenting his second pistol at him, he jumped into the river to save himself. Lagache followed the berline towards Clermont, but with the fatality which accompanied every incident in the flight, he went astray in the wood, and did not reach Clermont till eleven at night, when the king was already at Varennes.\* After the berline had passed, D'Andoins tried to mount his dragoons; but they were detained by the townspeople, who showed so firm a countenance, that, when summoned to disarm, he was not sorry to surrender to the order of the mayor.

Drouet always claimed for himself the merit of having recognized the king, and having followed him at his own risk. The minutes of the town council of Ste. Ménehould leave no doubt that he was despatched, together with Guillaume, an officer of the municipality, by the orders of the town, and with the general knowledge and consent of the citizens. Drouet once on his road, D'Andoins and his dragoons disarmed. A message arrived from Neuville-au-Pont, a town about three miles from Ste. Ménehould, to say that eighty hussars from Pont-Sommevesle (fear had doubled their number) had passed through the town a little before eight o'clock; by so small a distance had Choiseul missed the berline. Fearing lest the hussars should intercept Drouet and Guillaume, three citizens, Legay, Lapointe, and Collet, volunteered to follow and protect them. However, as they galloped out of the Clermont gate, the National Guard fired upon them. Collet was killed, and Legay was seriously wounded. A cry arose, "To arms, to arms, we are betrayed." All the muskets available at the town hall were distributed to the populace, even to women. The windows were lighted up, and the town was barricaded on the Clermont side. The tocsin was sounded, and bread was baked all night for the National Guards, who were expected to come in.

In the mean time the king was posting through one of the most picturesque parts of France, towards Clermont. He passed high above the lovely valley of the Biesme, and through the gorge of Les Islettes, one of the five defiles of the Argonne, unconscious of his fate. At Clermont, Damas

did not do his duty much better than Choiseul or D'Andoins. His dragoons had been ordered to mount their horses at five o'clock in the afternoon. He conceived the idea of forming a special corps of thirty troopers to form a guard for the king. From five o'clock these thirty men were drawn up close to the post-house, ready to start at a moment's notice. With the rest of the troops he intended to follow the king's route, and to stop all travellers from Paris. Two hours passed, and the people began to be uneasy. At half past seven Léonard, that ill-omened bird of passage, drove by with Choiseul's message, which, however, Damas at first disregarded. Night drew on, and Damas's officers begged him to allow the soldiers to retire to their quarters. At nine o'clock he fatally yielded, and, fearing that the enterprise was at an end, ordered the horses to be unsaddled. Half an hour later the berline arrived. Damas was obliged to excuse himself for not having the escort ready. In ten minutes the new horses were harnessed, and the berline rolled on towards the end of its journey. Unfortunately the courier, who rode on the box of the carriage, called out in a loud voice to the postilions, "Route de Varennes." This was overheard by the postilions of the previous stage, who were returning to Ste. Ménehould. On their way home they met Drouet and Guillaume just outside Clermont, and were able to inform them of the direction the berline had taken. Without this knowledge they would have ridden along the straight road to Verdun. It is painful to think of the number of petty incidents which caused the failure of this momentous enterprise. Damas, being prevented by the people of Clermont from following with his troops, sent one of his quartermasters, Remy, and a few soldiers to follow the king. They missed the turning to Varennes, and, after riding hard for two hours, found themselves close to Verdun, making the very mistake which Drouet was saved from making. Charles Bouillé, the second son of the marquis, and young Raigecourt, who were awaiting the king's arrival at Varennes, being impatient at his delay, sent an orderly for news. He passed the berline and its outriders at a short distance from the town, but he did not speak to them nor they to him, yet he was in possession of that very information about the position of the relays which would have saved the monarchy of France.

The royal family arrived at the out-

\* Lagache afterwards became General Henri in Napoleon's service.



skirts of Varennes at about eleven o'clock. Varennes is a little town sloping downwards towards the river Aire with one long narrow street.\* As he passes down it the traveller reaches first the open square, the Place du Château, where the old seignorial castle once stood. A short distance further will bring him to the Hôtel de Ville and to an open space opposite to it. In 1791 this space was occupied by the Church of St. Gengoult, since destroyed. The bell tower of the church stands next to the Hôtel de Ville, and was at that time connected with the main building by a low arch. As we pass down the steep and narrow street, we find on the right-hand side next to the bell-tower a house which was once the Bras d'Or tavern. A little further, on the opposite side, is the house of M. Sauce, in which the royal family passed the night after their capture. A very short distance brings us to the river, and to the narrow bridge which crosses it. On the other side of the bridge is a large square with a church in the centre. Facing the church, at the angle nearest the bridge, is the Hôtel du Grand Monarque, little changed during the last hundred years. It was here that the relays were stabled, and that Bouillé and Raigecourt awaited the arrival of the king. From the door of the Grand Monarque, two roads diverge, one to Verdun, the other to Stenay. It had been arranged with the king that the relays should be posted at the end of the town nearest to Clermont. Varennes was not on the post-road, no horses were kept there, and even driving there with post-horses was a matter of favor. This arrangement had been altered by the unlucky Goguelat, who, counting on the arrival of Choiseul or Valory some time before the king, had decided to leave the relays where they were.

The 21st of June had passed very quietly for the inhabitants of the little town. The next day but one was the Fête-Dieu; and those who could spare the time were engaged in making garlands and ornaments for the procession. The hairdresser, Léonard, who had caused such mischief along the road, reached Varennes at half past nine with his message of despair. He asked for Choiseul's horses to continue his journey. These were denied him, but he procured others. Had he continued on the road to Montmédy, he would have met Bouillé, and perhaps have induced him to advance to see what was the matter, but, stricken by the common

fatality, he took the road to Verdun. Having done all the mischief he could by his journey on the king's route, he now discontinued it at the very moment when he might have been of use.

The travelling coach stopped at the entrance of the town, where the king had been told that the relays would be found. Nothing was to be seen, every house was in profound repose. The king descended from the carriage and knocked at a door. A voice from within cried, "Go along with you, we don't know what you want." The queen got out in her turn, and on the arm of M. de Malden knocked at the door of a large house in the first square. It was inhabited by M. de Préfontaine, a knight of Saint Louis, and agent for the Condé estates in those parts. He was at this time unwell, and knew nothing of what was going on in the town, he could therefore give the queen no information. As Marie Antoinette was in the house, and the two other bodyguards, MM. de Valory and de Moustier, were looking for the relays, four men on horseback galloped by, one of whom called out to the postilions, "Go no further; unharness your horses; your passenger is the king." The bodyguards, after examining a wood in the neighborhood of the town where no horses were likely to be concealed, sauntered down the narrow street, but never once thought of crossing the bridge. When Valory came back to the king, he was met with the words, "François, we are betrayed." Shortly afterwards the queen came back to the carriage, handed to it by M. de Préfontaine. She was received with the same terrible news. The only course left was to proceed further, but the postilions positively refused to stir an inch. The bodyguards promised money, the postilions answered that their horses were tired, that their master at Clermont had charged them to go no further than the entrance to Varennes, and that his wife had especially enjoined them under no consideration to make a longer journey, because they were wanted for the hay harvest the next day. It is said that Madame Canitrot, for that was her name, never forgave herself for having thus caused the death of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette. At last the bodyguards threatened the postilions with their hunting-knives; the carriage moved slowly on; but thirty-five minutes had been lost, and it was too late.

Drouet and Guillaume, after passing the berline, had stopped at the tavern of the Bras d'Or on the other side of the

\* There is a plan of Varennes in Ancelon.



archway.\* The clock had just struck a quarter past eleven. A few young men of the neighborhood were engaged in conversation, and were preparing to go home, when they heard the rattle of horses' hoofs. They were Paul Leblanc, the brother of the landlord, Jean Leblanc, Joseph Ponsin, Justin George, son of the mayor who was then in Paris, Thennevin, bailiff of the neighboring village of Les Islettes, and Delion from Mont Faucon. The door opened, and Drouet entered in haste; he drew the landlord on one side, and said, "Friend, are you a good patriot?" "Of course I am," he replied. "Well, if that is so, go as quickly as you can and tell all trustworthy people that the king is at the entrance of Varennes, that he is coming down the street, and that he must be arrested." The landlord first recruited the men who were in his parlor; he then went to M. Sauce, who was procureur of the commune, called him out of bed, and told him what he had heard. Drouet's first care was to barricade the bridge, which united the two parts of the town, using for that purpose a wagon full of furniture which he accidentally found there. The other seven armed themselves with muskets, and prepared to stop the carriage as it passed from under the archway. They arranged that they should first ask for the travellers' passports, and when they were delivered gain time as much as possible that the people might assemble in force. At this momentous crisis Charles Bouillé and Raigecourt were sitting at their window doing nothing. They heard a little movement in the town, but paid no attention. Sauce sent his little children to give an alarm of fire through the town. The inhabitants hurried together believing the bad news, and some of the hussars came out of their barracks to see if they could be of use. One of the gates of the archway was shut, the seven patriots were reinforced by three others, making ten in all. The postchaise, with the two chambermaids, was first stopped by the landlord and his brother. Sauce approached and asked the ladies for their passport. They answered that it was in the second carriage. The occupants of the berline replied to their questions that they were on the way to Frankfort. Sauce held up a lantern inside the carriage and gazed at the faces of the travellers. At last the passport was delivered to him. It was

signed by Louis himself,\* but Drouet or Sauce remarked that it did not bear the countersign of the president of the National Assembly. Sauce added that it was now too late to verify the passport, that it was dangerous for the travellers to continue their journey during the night, that they must get out of the carriage and wait for daybreak. When the postillions attempted to proceed they were stopped by the armed men, who cried, "If you go a step further we fire." Nothing was left to the royal family but to get out.

Sauce offered the hospitality of his house. It was only a few steps distant, on the left-hand side of the sloping street. It has since been altered, and local tradition states that it has been moved back in order to make the street wider, but its main features still remain unchanged. On the ground-floor there was a grocer's shop, with a strong smell of tallow, which the queen could not put up with. The upper story is reached by a narrow corkscrew staircase, which has apparently remained unchanged till the present day. On the upper floor are two rooms, one looking out into the street, the other into a small courtyard. In the back room, about fifteen feet by twenty, was collected the majesty of France. The king seated himself in an armchair in the middle of the room, the queen asked for some hot water, wine, and clean sheets, probably all for the children.† The dauphin and his sister were placed upon a bed and were soon asleep, the faithful Madame de Tourzel seated by their side. The bodyguards sat on a bench underneath the window. It is incredible that the king should not have been rescued at this moment. Sixty hussars were in their barracks at a short distance from the bridge, with their horses harnessed, ready to start at any moment. A few of them only had been disturbed by the cry of fire. That they were useless in the crisis was owing to Goguet's errors. By some strange infatuation he had sent their proper commander, D'Esion, off to Bouillé, where he could be of no use, and had left them in the charge of a young lieutenant of eighteen, Rohrig, who lost his head and did nothing. As soon as he found himself in a difficulty, he crossed the river by a ford and galloped off to Bouillé. Charles Bouillé and Raigecourt

\* There is a facsimile of the passport in Bimbenet, 150.

\* The other two horsemen had been sent from Clermont, but they took no part in the arrest of the king.

† The story of the king asking for food is a fable. There was plenty of provisions in the carriage, and a silver-gilt jug was left behind in Sauce's house by the royal family on their departure next day.

did the same. By this time the whole population of Varennes was on foot. They built barricades at the entrance of all the streets leading to the country. They dragged out two or three pieces of ordnance which were rusting in the stables of the town hall, and placed them partly on the bridge, and partly at the entrance of the Clermont wood.

When these arrangements were complete, at about one o'clock in the morning, Choiseul and his forty hussars, who, after their departure from Pont-Sommevesle, had left the highroad a little before reaching Ste. Ménehould, and had taken five hours to ride from Neuville-au-Pont through the woods, arrived at the entrance of Varennes. They were stopped by the little barricade and the two rusty pieces of cannon, an obstacle which the forty hussars might have brushed aside in a moment. Almost at the same moment a few dragoons, under the command of Damas, came up from Clermont. The two bodies of cavalry passed easily through the barricade, and entered the town. They first halted in the Place du Château, where the royal family had wasted thirty five minutes two hours before. Here they met Sauce. He had been to rouse the principal judge, by name Deste, who was acquainted with the king's appearance, and who, he hoped, might recognize him. As he passed by, Sauce took care to speak to the hussars, and to tamper with their allegiance. Choiseul marched straight down the street, not halting at the house in which the royal family were prisoners, till he reached the convent which served as barracks for the hussars. He found it deserted, and none but the grooms were to be seen. He drew up his soldiers in the court-yard; told them that the king and queen were prisoners in the town, and they must rescue them or die. Harsh guttural cries of "*Der König, die Königin!*" rose from the men, who were mostly Germans. Then, breaking his squadron into fours, he trotted up the street with drawn swords and halted opposite Sauce's house. Damas, in the mean time, had crossed the bridge, notwithstanding the barricade, had learned at the Hôtel du Grand Monarque that the two officers in charge of the relays had galloped off to Stenay, and had returned to the narrow street where he found M. de Choiseul. At this moment, very slight firmness on the part of the hussars, or their commander, would have saved the king, but there was the usual hesitation

and delay. Goguelat mounted the corkscrew staircase into the petty prison of his sovereign, to ask for orders, as if the king, in such a situation, could have any orders to give.

The travellers had been already recognized. M. Deste had thrown himself at the king's feet; the king had said, "Yes, I am your king; I cannot remain any longer at Paris without death to my family and myself." A dispute ensued between Sauce and Louis as to whether it was better for the country that he should go or stay. The queen could bear it no longer, but cried, "If you recognize him as your king, treat him with more respect." At one moment it seemed as if the gaoler would give way. The king embraced all who were standing round and moved them to tears. This emotion soon passed. Drouet was always at hand to keep the patriots to their purpose. Sauce's house, and even the room where the royal family were imprisoned, were besieged by a surging crowd. Tradition says that when Louis asserted his firm intention of not going beyond the frontier, a little bandy-legged cripple cried out, "Sire, we do not believe you." For some time Sauce maintained the specious fiction, that the royal family should set off whither they pleased at daybreak. The queen did her best to touch the heart of Madame Sauce, and Sauce's mother, an old lady of eighty, on coming into the chamber fell down upon her knees, bursting into tears, and kissed the hands of the children.

When Goguelat entered the room, Louis said to him, "Well, when shall we be off?" He answered, "Sire, we await your orders." Damas suggested a plan of carrying off the whole party on seven horses belonging to the hussars, guarded by the remaining thirty-three. Louis feared that a stray ball might kill one of the party. The plan indeed was an insane one. It would be far easier to have cleared the road by a charge and driven off in the berline. At last the fatal decision was taken of waiting for Bouillé. Every moment that elapsed made the king's fate more certain, and yet the royal party seemed to clutch at every pretext for delay. By two o'clock in the morning five thousand peasants from the neighboring villages had reached Varennes, and an hour later their number had doubled. The barricades were strengthened, and the hussars placed before Sauce's house found themselves between two fires. It is a comfort to discover amongst all this pusillanimity one touch of courage.

Goguelat attempted to disperse the crowd which was collecting round the royal berline; Roland, an officer of the National Guard, seized his horse by the bridle. Goguelat drew his sword and threatened him. Roland fired his pistol, and the ball was flattened against Goguelat's collarbone. His horse reared and the rider fell slightly wounded. He was taken into the Bras d'Or tavern, where his hurt was attended to. This pistol shot might have been the signal of a massacre, but the hussars, instead of attacking the crowd, fraternized with them; jars of wine were passed from trooper to trooper. When Remy arrived from Clermont at four o'clock, he found the hussars drinking and calling "Vive la nation."

The fate of Quartermaster Remy was another of those strange fatalities which brought about the final catastrophe. He had left Clermont shortly after the passage of the berline with the few horsemen whom he could find to accompany him. Unfortunately the main road through Clermont leads to Verdun, whereas the road to Varennes turns off at a sharp angle. Remy and his dragoons galloped on through the night, and when they asked their way found that they were close to Verdun. There was no means of reaching Varennes, except by passing again through Clermont. Had they taken the right road, they would have been with the berline when it reached the fatal arch, and could easily have cut down the few men who were opposing its passage.

Just as the sun broke over the lovely valley of the Aire, Sauce asked the king to show himself to the crowd from the window, which looked upon the street. Louis saw a dense mass of peasants armed with muskets, scythes, and pitchforks, and some women staggering, half tipsy, among the crowd. As he stood at the window there was a deep silence, and when he told those who could hear him that he would not leave them, that he was going to Montmédy, but that he would afterwards return to Varennes, there was a thunder of applause and reiterated cries of "Vive le roi!" "Vive la nation!" A few cries were heard of "To Paris!" "To Verdun!" Whilst the royal family were anxiously expecting the arrival of Bouillé, the municipality were declaring, that they had no intention of preventing the king's journey, but that at dawn of day he might go where he pleased. We cannot believe in the honesty of these professions. As early as two o'clock in the morning the town council sent a

Varennes doctor, named Mangin, to the Assembly, to tell them that the king was in their town and to ask for instructions. Both parties wished to gain time, the king for the arrival of the general who was to rescue him, the town authorities for the collection of an overwhelming force which would drive the king back to Paris.

At five o'clock an officer of hussars broke into the room where the royal family were assembled, with a bare sword; it was Captain d'Eslon, who had commanded the one hundred hussars at Varennes, but who had been sent off to Bouillé by the blundering Goguelat. Posted at Dun, he had heard at three o'clock in the morning from Lieutenant Rohrig, that two carriages had been stopped at Varennes, containing a man, some women, and children. D'Eslon, who was in the secret of the flight, could have no doubt as to the truth. He left thirty men to guard the bridge over the Meuse, and galloped with the other seventy to Varennes in an hour and a half. He found the bridge barricaded and defended by an experienced officer, M. de Signémont, who was taking part against his sovereign, although he wore on his breast the cross of the order of St. Louis. D'Eslon, being badly supplied with ammunition, did not dare to charge. He asked leave to enter the town, which after some delay was granted. He walked on to Sauce's house, where he found thirty hussars drawn up in the street, commanded by a National Guard, and after half an hour's delay he was enabled to see the king. Like all the other officers who had an interview with their sovereign he asked for orders. The king replied that he was a prisoner, and that he had no orders to give. D'Eslon returned to his hussars and sent a message to Captain Boudet, who was in command of the hussars in barracks at Varennes, to make a charge from inside the town which he would support from outside. Boudet was at this time closely watched by National Guards and the message never reached him. Even now a little dash and enterprise might have set the royal family free from their embarrassments. There were at Varennes the sixty hussars who had been left there in barracks, the forty hussars who had returned from Pont-Sommevesle, the small body of dragoons who had come from Clermont with the Comte de Damas, the half-dozen troopers who had followed Quartermaster Remy, and the sixty or seventy hussars under the command of D'Eslon. They made, in all, a body of

one hundred and eighty men. Could they have been combined in united action, they would have dispersed the crowd, however close or however fearless.

But the moments, in which decision was possible, were running out. At six o'clock it was full daylight, and the town officials were collected at the town hall to determine what they should do about the king's departure. At this moment two messengers arrived from Paris, who had been sent to follow the king, and bore the orders of the National Assembly. They were M. Baillon and M. de Romeuf. The latter was aide-de-camp to Lafayette, and was intimately known to the king and queen. The king and his family were alone, in the small room at the back of the house of which we have spoken above. Baillon was the first to enter, his clothes covered with dust, his face hot with perspiration. He could scarcely give utterance to a few hurried words. Romeuf followed, bearing a paper in his hands. The queen, when she saw him, cried, "Sir, is it you? I never would have believed it." It is indeed possible that, had Romeuf been alone, he would have given the royal family an opportunity of escape. He now handed to the queen the decree of the Assembly, which ordered the king's return to Paris. Louis read it over her shoulder, and said, "There is no longer a king in France." The queen was less calm. "What insolence!" she cried, and seeing that the paper had fallen on the dauphin's bed, she seized it and threw it on the ground, saying that it should not sully the couch of her son.

After this, the only chance for the king was to gain time for Bouillé to arrive. He asked to speak with the deputies alone. Romeuf was willing to grant this request, but Baillon refused. The people below called out, "Let us compel him to go by force, we will drag him into the carriage by his feet." The king supplicated for a moment's delay: "Could they not wait till eleven o'clock?" A hasty breakfast was served for the royal family. The two children were still asleep, and the king went to sleep also. As a last resource, one of the waiting-maids (Madame de Neuville) declared herself to be seized with a violent attack of illness. The king refused to desert her, and a doctor was sent for. All these stratagems could not procure more than an hour's delay; the shouts of the impatient mob surged up from the street. The king went once

more to the window to quiet them, and then begged to be left alone for a few minutes with his family. The carriages had been harnessed and brought up to Sauce's door. The royal family slowly and sadly descended the winding staircase. The king walked first, and was followed by Madame de Tourzel and the two children. Choiseul gave his arm to the queen, Damas to Madame Elizabeth. The bodyguards were placed on the box seat in front, guarded by two grenadiers, with bayonets fixed to their muskets. When the royal family had entered the carriage, Choiseul, who had been the chief cause of their calamity, closed the door. He tells us that he then experienced an inexpressible pang of anguish, that he felt as if he was surrendering Charles I. to the tender mercies of the Scotch.\*

It was now half past seven in the morning, and there was no news of Bouillé. What had caused his delay? Not a quarter of an hour after the king had left, a detachment of Royal Allemand was seen on the outskirts of the town. It was commanded by young Bouillé, and had been posted in a village between Dun and Stenay. Bouillé dashed across the river by a well-known ford, but was stopped by a deep and narrow trench which carried water to a mill. There was a ford higher up by which this obstacle could have been turned, and it is strange that D'Esion should not have used it when he found his passage stopped by the barricade. The Marquis de Bouillé had passed the greater part of the night in a ditch by the side of the road leading from Dun to Varennes, his horse by his side, the bridle on his arm. Unfortunately before the news of the king's arrest could reach him, he had left this post and retired to Stenay. He therefore heard nothing of the disaster until four or half past four o'clock. He did not lose an instant in giving his orders, but they were slowly obeyed. Although the regiment had been charged to be in readiness at daybreak, and although the horses had been saddled all night, the soldiers did not assemble till the clock had struck five. Bouillé placed himself at their head, addressed to them a few stirring words announcing the capture of the king, distributed four hundred louis among them,

\* Worse even than the fate of the Stuart king was the long agony of those six miserable victims, four of whom perished by a slow and torturing death, while one alone survived to bear through life the gloom and sadness of her darkened youth.



and set off at a quick trot. They reached Varennes between nine and half past nine in the morning, when the king was already well on the road to Clermont. Even then Bouillé would have charged had there been any hope of success, but, convinced that it was impossible, he turned rein to Stenay, and crossed the frontier that night, to die in England nine years afterwards.

The return journey to Paris must be described in a few lines. Clermont was reached at ten o'clock. Half-way between that town and Varennes, the municipal officers met the *cortège*, and found the berline escorted by six thousand National Guards. The heat and dust were terrible. At Clermont a new crowd of six thousand was assembled. Sauce returned to Varennes, fearing that the town might be attacked by Bouillé, and his place was taken by the mayor of Clermont. The king arrived at Ste. Ménehould about half past one. The carriages were stopped at the gate, and the king had to listen to a municipal address. The royal family lunched at the town hall. The queen showed herself to the crowd with the dauphin in her arms; as the king and queen passed through the chapel, where the prisoners heard mass, they distributed money to the poor unfortunates, whose fate resembled their own. The procession left Ste. Ménehould at three in the afternoon. In the fields beyond the town M. de Dampierre was brutally massacred. He had assisted one of the waiting-maids into her postchaise, and had followed the carriages on horseback. He was dragged off his horse and murdered. The assassins returned to the royal carriage, bearing his head in their blood-stained hands. Châlons was not reached till eleven o'clock. Here the travellers lodged in the Préfecture, a beautiful building of the later years of Louis XV., where Marie Antoinette had slept on her first arrival in France as dauphiness. An offer was made to the king to arrange for his escape by a secret staircase. He refused, from fear of the danger it might cause to his wife and children. The next day, Thursday, was the Fête-Dieu, the day on which it had been arranged to celebrate a grand mass in the camp of Montmédy, and to present Bouillé with the *bâton* of a French marshal. The king would gladly have rested a day at Châlons to recover from his fatigue. But the patriots, seeing that the sentiment of the town was in his favor, sent to Rheims for an army of

roughs. They arrived at ten in the morning, and, breaking into the palace, interrupted the king's mass as it had reached the Sanctus, and insisted upon his immediate departure. The royal family had great difficulty in reaching their carriages, and in their hurry left a large sum of money behind them.

The route which they now took was not the same as that by which they had previously travelled; it trended to the north, by Épernay, and rejoined the southern road on La Ferté sous Jouarre. There was probably a desire to take the travellers through a district which was known to be strongly opposed to them. Between Châlons and Épernay the queen offered to a poor hungry wretch a piece of *bauf à la mode*, which Fersen had placed in the carriage. A voice cried, "Do not eat it. Do you not see that they wish to poison you?" The queen immediately partook of it herself, and gave some of it to the dauphin.\* At Épernay the keys of the town were presented to the king, accompanied by an insolent speech from the mayor. As they got out of the carriage, a man was heard to say to his neighbor, "Let me conceal myself and fire on the queen, that no one may know where the shot comes from." They dined there, but no one could eat a mouthful.† Between Épernay and Dormans, Pétiou, Barnave, and Latour-Maubourg, met the royal party as commissioners of the National Assembly. Pétiou and Barnave took their places in the berline. Latour-Maubourg preferred to travel with the waiting-maids, telling the king that he could depend upon his devotion, but that it was important to gain over the two others. The queen told Fersen, when they met in February, 1792, that Pétiou's conduct had been indecent. At Dormans, cries of "Vive la nation et l'assemblée nationale," prevented the travellers from sleeping. The dauphin dreamed that he was in a forest with wolves, who were attacking the queen, and awoke weeping. There was much discussion in the berline about the policy of the flight, which Madame Elizabeth warmly defended. At Ferté sous Jouarre they were received with respectful attention by the mayor, and enjoyed the only quiet and repose which they met with during the journey. They reached Meaux in the evening. The day had been insupportable from dust and

\* Fersen, ii. 8.

† Tourzel, i. 332.



heat, and the angry crowd would not allow the blinds to be drawn down, nor the windows closed. Saturday, June 25, was the last day of this prolonged torment. It lasted thirteen hours, from six in the morning to seven in the evening. During the whole day the travellers were exposed to the glare of a midsummer sun, and to the insults of the mob. At the barrier they were met by a dense crowd of citizens. No one raised his hat or spoke a word. They entered the garden of the Tuileries by the swing bridge, and were protected, as they dismounted, by the care of Lafayette. The faithful bodyguards were with difficulty rescued from summary slaughter.

Such is the true story of the flight to Varennes, more touching in its naked simplicity than any device of art could make it. The royal family had many chances in their favor, and they would have escaped, unless every one of these chances had turned against them. If Choiseul had waited a short time longer at Pont Sommevesle; if he had retired at a foot's pace towards Orbeval; if he had passed through Ste. Ménehould, or had halted at the parting of the ways, instead of losing himself precipitately in pathless woods; if Goguelat had remained behind at the post-house according to orders; if D'Andoins had not unsaddled his dragons just before the berline arrived; if Lagache had not lost his way in the woods; if Damas had kept his men ready for action; if Charles Bouillé and Raigecourt had not shut themselves up in their bedroom; if the orderly whom they sent out for news had spoken with the berline when he met it outside Varennes; if Valory had crossed the bridge to the Grand Monarque; if Goguelat had not altered the position of the relays; if the hairdresser Léonard had taken the road to Stenay, instead of losing himself on that to Verdun; if Quartermaster Remy had not made a similar mistake, — if any one of these things had turned out differently, the royal family might have been saved. The accidents we have enumerated were in the hands of fate, the lack of courage and decision was due to other causes. Varennes, indeed, was a precursor of Valmy. As the resistance of the French *sans-culottes* to the discipline of Prussian troops led to the retreat of the Allies, and eventually to the conquest of Europe, so now the enthusiasm, the energy, the activity, the resource of ignorant and undisciplined peasants, showed itself superior to all the wealth, the rank, the splendor, and the power, of the *ancien régime*.

From The Scottish Review.  
THE MESMERIST.

FROM THE LATE IVAN TURGENIEFF.

ABOUT fifteen years ago, my official duties obliged me to go to the capital town of the government of T—, and to pass some days there. I found a very decent hotel, which had been opened some six months before by a Jewish tailor who had amassed some money. I have since heard that the establishment in question did not keep up its character very long, — a thing which is by no means rare in Russia, — but when I was there it was still in all the fulness of its splendor. Amid the silence of the night, the watchful traveller could hear the new furniture warping and cracking as if it were firing in file. Sheets, tablecloths, and napkins, all smelt of soap. The painted wood-work emitted a strong odor of hemp oil, which the head waiter assured me was a perfect preservative against vermin. This head waiter was a gentleman whose acumen was more striking than his cleanliness. He had once been valet to Prince G—, and immediately impressed the beholder by the easy confidence of his manners. His face was pimply, and his hands seemed to be in a constant state of sweat. He appeared habitually in a coat which had not been made for him, and a pair of slippers trodden down at heel. Thus attired, and with a napkin under his left arm, he gesticulated continually, while he poured forth a flood of elegant phrases. Recognizing in me one capable of appreciating his merits and his knowledge of the world, he had the goodness to take me at once under his protection. As to his future, he deceived himself by no fond illusions. "If any one wants to know what our position is like," he said to me one day, "they can just think of so many herrings hung up to dry." His name was Ardalion.

I had some official visits to pay to the functionaries of the town, and, with the sympathetic help of Ardalion, I obtained for this purpose the use of a carriage and of a guide. Both the vehicle and the attendant were decidedly fusty, but, as a set-off, the latter wore a suit of livery and the former bore a coat-of-arms on its panels. When my official visits were over, I went to call upon an old friend of my father's, who had been long established at T—, and whom I had not seen for twenty years. In that period he had married, had had a family, and been left a widower. In the same period, also, he had

made a large fortune by speculating among the farmers of the spirit-duty—that is to say, by lending money at high rates of interest and on good mortgage security to the speculators who farmed the spirit-tax. I was talking with him, when the door opened, and a young lady of about sixteen years of age came into the room. She was small and slight, and advanced lightly and noiselessly, with an air of some hesitation.

"Oh," said my friend, "let me present to you my eldest daughter—Sophia. She has taken my dear wife's place. She keeps house for me, and has the charge of her brothers and sisters."

I rose and bowed, and, as she sank timidly into a chair, I certainly thought I had never seen a person who less looked the characters of a housekeeper and a governess. She had a simple child's face, with rounded lines. The features were pleasing, but singularly fixed in expression. Her eyes were blue, and the eyebrows, which were very clearly cut, shared in a remarkable degree the characteristic immobility of the whole face. There was a peculiar look about her gaze, as if she were seeing something unexpected. Her mouth was a little full, with the upper lip slightly projecting—but there was no trace of a smile about it; on the contrary, it was like a mouth that had never smiled. The delicate cheeks were marked with two red streaks. Her forehead was narrow, and was closed on each side by a mass of fair hair, very fine in texture. Her figure and carriage were not those of a woman but of a child. Her gown, which was blue and fell from her neck to her feet, was made quite plain like a child's frock. She did not give me the idea of being an invalid or unhealthy—merely that of being an individuality probably difficult to understand. It did not occur to me to look upon her as a mere specimen of a shy country girl. She possessed no attraction for me, nor the contrary. I only felt idly as if I had come across an odd psychological study, which I could not immediately make out. One thing, however, it was impossible not to perceive at once—a more truthful, straightforward soul had never existed. And for some reason—why, God knows,—I experienced a feeling of compassion for her, as a young being so prematurely burdened with the responsibilities and cares of life. The sweet childish face had nothing of the heroic ideal about it, and yet I caught myself thinking that it was not the face of one who is as the ordinary children of

men. At any rate, it was evident that she had only come into the drawing-room in order to comply with the conventional duties of mistress of the house, which it had been her father's pleasure to make her assume.

The father himself began to talk to me about society at T—, and what amusements it afforded.

"We are very quiet," he said, "the governor is rather given to mope, and the marshal of the nobles—well, he is not married. However, there is going to be a great ball the day after to-morrow at the county club. I really think you had much better come to it. I assure you you will see some very pretty people, and you will meet all our *intelligences*."

I was amused by the affectation of using this rather antiquated French expression. The fact was, my friend, who had been sent up from the country to study at a university, was rather fond of employing language which he believed to be indicative of culture, although it was also his habit to utter such phrases in a tone of cynicism under which it was easy enough to perceive how precious they really were to him. At the same time, I believe that it is generally admitted that speculation in spirit-tax farming has a remarkable tendency to produce, in those who once give themselves up to it, not only an inexorable firmness of principle, but also a striking acuteness of penetration.

"Might I venture to ask," said I, turning to the young lady, "if you are going to the ball?"

The fact was, I wanted to hear what her voice was like. When she answered, the tone was soft and gentle, but she spoke as if she had only half understood what I said.

"My father has to go, and I go with him."

"In that case," I replied, "may I hope for the honor of a dance?"

She made a graceful bow of assent, but without the shadow of a smile, however conventional. I took my leave almost immediately afterwards, and I remember the odd effect which was produced upon me by the fixed look with which she followed me. After a little, it made me turn round involuntarily, as if I knew that somebody or something was coming behind me.

When I get back to the hotel, I found awaiting me my usual dinner—always the same—*julienne* soup, *côtelettes aux petits pois*, and an ill-roasted bird. I despatched the repast with all celerity, and

threw myself down upon the sofa. The truth was, my thoughts were still puzzling over the young lady. Ardalion, however, who had just finished clearing away the dinner things, misinterpreted the cause of my preoccupation. He began dusting the backs of the chairs with a dirty napkin—an action which every one must have remarked as eminently characteristic of the “enlightened” class of Russian servant—and as he did so, said in a careless tone,—

“There is not much amusement down here for the gentlemen as comes.” He gave another flick, and repeated, “not much.” And thereupon a great clock upon the mantelpiece, in a white frame, with violet numerals on the face, slowly struck the half-hour, as if to emphasize with its own monotonous repetition, “Not much—not much.” “There is not no concerts,” continued Ardalion, “nor there is not no theatre.” (*Theatre* was one of his fine words; he had been abroad with his master; indeed, he might have been to Paris; so he did not say *kiatr*, like the common people.) “There is not no soirees and no receptions given with the upper ten.” (Here he paused, probably to allow me to realize the refined grace of his expressions.) “They just sits in their holes like owls. Gentlemen has not anywhere to go to—nowhere at all.” He here gave me a peculiar look, stopped a moment, and then went on: “You know, sir, if it came to pass that you happened to want to know of any place where you could find —” Here he gave me another look, but I suppose that his idea must have been one to which the “enlightened” Russian did not find me appear sufficiently responsive, for he began forthwith to move towards the door. However, before going out, he stopped suddenly, seemed to think for a moment, returned, and said close to my ear, with a kind of humorous smile, “Or, perhaps, sir, you would like to see some ghosts.”

I stared at him with amazement. He went on in a low voice.

“Yes, sir, we has got a man here as is good at that. He is just a poor young man as has not got no education, but he does things wonderful. If one asks him to show him any one as they has known that is dead, he shows them to them immediate.”

“How does he do that?”

“That is what he knows best himself. He is not a man as has had any education, or as knows even how to read. He is one of the very strict religious ones.

The merchants thinks a great deal of him.”

“Do people know about it in the town?”

“Everybody knows as wants to know, but they has to keep quiet on account of the police, seeing as how these things is against the law, and it is not proper for the lower classes. The common people always makes these things end in a disturbance.”

“Did he ever show you a ghost?” I asked. Ardalion hung his head.

“Yes,” he said, “he showed me my own father, just the same as if he were alive.”

I looked hard at him. He still had the same sort of affected smile on, and was whisking his napkin about, but he stood my look perfectly well. I said at last: “This is very odd. Do you think that I could see him?”

“It is not impossible but what you might see him, sir, only that you would have to commence with his maternal parent. The old lady sells apples upon the bridge. If you like, I will let her know.”

“Yes,” I said, “I shall be much obliged to you if you will.”

Ardalion put his hand up to his mouth, coughed slightly behind it, and then said, “And you would offer her a consideration, sir,—a mere trifle,—but it is the old lady as the pecuniary remuneration is to be given to. I will tell her that she has not need to have no apprehension, as it is a gentleman travelling, as is an honorable man, and knows as how these things has to be kept quiet as among gentlemen, and she need be under no apprehensions.”

So saying, Ardalion took up his tray, and went towards the door, gracefully balancing his own body from side to side, as he balanced the tray on the tips of his fingers. As he was just leaving the room, I called after him,—

“I can reckon on you, then?”

“You may feel some assurance, sir,” he answered—and his tone implied no doubt. “When the old lady has been interviewed, we shall have our answer exact.”

All this story which Ardalion had told me excited me a good deal; but it is unnecessary to enter into my speculations upon the subject. I will only say that I waited impatiently to hear the result of my inquiries. Late in the evening Ardalion came back and told me, with a sheepish look, that he could not find the old woman. I therefore refreshed his zeal by the gift of a three-rouble\* note. The

\* A rouble is worth rather more than three shillings.

consequence was that he entered my room the next morning with a gentle smile. The matron had consented to see me. Having so informed me, he put his head out into the passage and called,—

"Here, my boy! come here!"

Whereupon there appeared a child of some six years of age, grimy with soot. His head was shaved, and, indeed, presented divers patches which were totally hairless. His attire consisted of a sort of striped dressing-gown, which was in rags, and he had clogs upon his stockingless feet. Ardalion turned to this infant, and pointed to me.

"You look here," he said, "you take this gentleman down to that place." And then he added to me, "When once you get there, sir, you will only have to ask for Mastridia Karpovna."

The child gave a sort of grunt, and we set off. He led me a long walk through the unpaved streets of T—. At length, in one of the most deserted and squalid of them all, he stopped in front of an old two-storied wooden house, wiped his nose with his sleeve, and said,—

"In there — first door to the right."

I went up the steps, entered a small passage, and knocked at a low door on the right, which was defended by rusty iron-work. In response to the sound, the door was half opened from within, and I found myself face to face with a fat old woman dressed in a cinnamon-colored pelisse lined with rabbit-skin, and wearing a colored handkerchief on her head.

"I wish to see Mastridia Karpovna," I said.

"Happy to do you any service, sir," answered the woman in a shrill voice. "Would you please to step in, sir? Please to sit down."

I went in and sat down, and she stood before me. The room was so full of old clothes, rags, pillows, mattresses, and sacks, that there was hardly room to turn round. A little broken sunlight entered through two small windows coated with dust. In one corner a confused noise as of sighing and groaning proceeded from behind a pile of old baskets — sounds of which it was difficult to guess whether they were produced by a sick child or a dog. My hostess herself had a wrinkled face, shiny and sallow, very like a mask modelled in unbleached wax, and in which the presence of a mouth was indicated not by lips but by a kind of mere transverse slit. A lock of grizzled hair escaped from under the handkerchief on her head. She had a projecting forehead, underneath

which deep-set eyes shone like live coals. These eyes were surrounded by inflamed red circles, and she smelt of spirits. Her sharp nose seemed to sniff suspicion. Altogether, I felt that I had no simpleton to deal with. I proceeded to explain to her the object of my visit, although I knew that she must be already aware of it. Her eyes twinkled as she listened to me and her nose, as if scenting danger, seemed to get longer and sharper, like the beak of a fowl which is hesitating whether or not to peck at a doubtful object. At length she answered,—

"Yes, sir. Ardalion Matfeïch told us there was a gentleman that wished to see what our boy was able to do. The only thing is that we are afraid —"

"But you need not be afraid," I said, interrupting her, "I am not a detective."

"Oh, dear me, no, sir," answered the woman, "nobody would think for a moment that a gentleman like you was a detective. But indeed, sir, if it was all the detectives in the world, it would be nothing to us. No, sir, we have not got anything for them to detect. And as for my poor boy, sir, he is not one of them that would do anything wrong in any way. He is not one that would think of anything like witchcraft or any such wickedness of that sort. God preserve us all from such things, and God's holy mother too!" (So saying, she crossed herself three times.) "There is nobody in all the country that fasts and prays as my boy does, sir. And maybe it is just on account of that, that that power has been given to him, sir. It is not the work of his hands, sir. Oh, no, sir, — all these things are sent down upon us from above." "Very well, then," said I, "it is settled. When can I see your son?"

The old woman seemed a little embarrassed by the question. She winked a good deal, and took her pocket-handkerchief several times convulsively out of one sleeve to put into the other, and then back again. At last she said again that "the real truth was that, in fact, they were rather afraid." Upon this I begged her to do me the favor of accepting a tenrouble note. The swollen and distorted fingers with which she seized the paper and stuffed it up her sleeve reminded me of an owl's talons. After securing it, she seemed to think a little, and then clapped her hands down suddenly upon her knees, as if she had made up her mind.

"Come here to-night, sir," she said, and I noticed that her voice was changed — it was no longer the high whining note

in which she had hitherto spoken, but deeper and graver. "Do not come into this room, but be so good as to go upstairs. You will find a door there, on your left hand. Open it, if you please, sir, and go in. You will find an empty room, with one chair in it. Just sit down on the chair and wait, and do not do anything, nor say anything, whatever you may see. And do not speak a word to my son. If you say anything to him, it may lead to harm, because — well, sir, he is young, and that would give him a bad turn. It is so easy to give him a fright. Oh, sir, how he shakes, but oh, how he shakes — the poor lamb!"

I looked Mastridia in the face and said, —

"If the man is so young, how is he your son?"

"The son of my adoption! my adopted son!" she cried. "I have taken in many orphans in my time," she continued, making a sign towards the part of the room whence I heard the confused noise of sighing and groaning. "O Lord my God!" she went on, "holy mother of God! And as for you, sir, if you would kindly please, sir, before you come here, just to let your mind rest a little upon any one of your relations or of your friends that is dead, it does not matter which of them — may the kingdom of heaven be granted to them all! Just think quietly a little over your departed ones, and then whichever one of them you choose, just keep them well in your mind, and be thinking of them steadily, for the time when my boy will come to you."

"Must I tell your son who it is?" I asked.

"Oh, no, sir — oh, dear, no, sir — not a word must be said. He will be able to see what you want, in your own thoughts. The only thing is that you should keep the one that is dead that you wish to think of well in your own mind. And then, sir, when you are having your dinner, just take two or three glasses of wine — a little drop of wine never does any harm."

As she finished these words, the old woman smiled and licked her lips, then put her hand over her mouth and gave a sigh.

"Very well, then — at half past seven," said I, rising to go away.

"Half past seven, sir," responded Mastridia Karpovna unhesitatingly.

I went back to the hotel. I felt no doubt that some curious juggling trick was going to be played upon me, but my curiosity was very much excited by spec-

ulation as to how the feat was to be accomplished. Only a word or two passed between me and Ardalion.

"Will the old lady do it?" he asked, with a peculiar movement of the eyebrows, and on my reply in the affirmative, he exclaimed, "She is a knowing one, no question!"

In compliance with the request of the astute matron in question, I now set myself to recall to mind, one after another, all the people I had known, who were since dead. After a good deal of consideration, I selected for the subject of the experiment an old Frenchman who had been one of my tutors. It was not that I had felt any particular attraction towards, or affection for, the old man in question. The fact was that his memory presented to my mind a striking and original figure, which had almost nothing in common with figures of the present generation, and was therefore almost certainly different — and very markedly different — from any figure which they were likely to be preparing to raise before me. M. Deserre had a remarkably large head, adorned with an abundance of white hair which he fastened at the back with a comb. He had bushy black eyebrows, an hooked nose, and two remarkable warts, of a deep purple color, in the middle of his forehead. He also habitually wore a peculiar costume, which had likewise impressed itself strongly upon my memory; namely, a green coat with polished metal buttons, a striped waistcoat with flaps turned over, and a frill and ruffles. "Certainly," said I to myself, "if this man calls up old Deserre, I will freely confess that he is a real warlock."

At dinner, in farther accordance with the old woman's advice, I drank a whole bottle of a liquid which Ardalion called *Lafitte premier choix*. (It was a fluid with a marked *bouquet* of burnt cork, and left at the bottom of the glass a thick sediment of logwood.) At half past seven precisely, I was standing in front of Mastridia Karpovna's house. I found all the windows closely shuttered up, but the front door open. I accordingly entered, and went directly up a very rickety set of stairs. At the top I found a door upon the left, as she had indicated, and in compliance with her instructions, I opened it and went in. I then found myself in a large, unfurnished room, imperfectly lighted by a candle which stood upon the window-sill. Directly in front of the door, against the opposite wall, was a single common wicker chair. I snuffed the can-



dle, took my seat upon the chair, and waited.

The first ten minutes went by quickly enough. There was absolutely nothing in the room to attract any sort of attention, but whenever I heard the least sound, I anxiously watched the door. To the first ten minutes succeeded another ten, which drew on into half an hour. At last I found I had been waiting a full three quarters of an hour, without anything happening of any kind. I became irritated. It had not occurred to me that I was going to be made the victim of a mere practical joke. I thought, therefore, that I had better simply leave my place, take the candle, and go down stairs. I turned my eyes on the candle—when I noticed that the wick had now got very long and was burdened with an enormous “thief”—and then on the door. A cold thrill at once passed down my spine. There was a man standing in front of me, with his back against the closed door. He had entered so suddenly and so silently that I had not noticed the fact.

This man's dress was a very common blue frock. He was of middle size, and seemed of a strong, muscular frame. His hands were both behind his back. His head was thrust forward; and he was gazing upon me. The dim light of the candle was too feeble to enable me to see him well. I noticed only a shock head of unkempt hair that fell in a shaggy mass over his forehead, thick, misshapen lips, and eyes which gleamed in the obscurity. I was upon the point of speaking to him, when Mastridia's injunction of silence flashed across my mind, and I remained silent. The man's gaze was rivetted upon me—and I could not take my eyes off him. Suddenly, and for some reason which I do not explain and which took me by surprise, I experienced a vivid feeling of terror; and at the same moment, as though I were obeying an unspoken lesson, I fixed my thoughts upon my old tutor. The man I saw was still standing in front of me, with his back against the door, and was breathing heavily, or rather gasping, like one who is struggling up a steep hill or toiling under an heavy load. But it seemed to me as if his eyes were growing larger, and coming nearer to me, and I felt as if I were growing sick under his gaze. His look had something in it which seemed implacable, dark, and evil. Every now and then the eyes seemed to light up inside with a kind of ominous fire, such as

I have seen in those of a greyhound when on the point of seizing the hare. And I was made to feel another peculiarity of the same kind. Whenever I tried to *double*—as coursing men would say of the hare—that is, to turn aside my eyes, his followed mine.

How long he and I remained in this position I am utterly unable to say. It may have been a minute. It may have been a quarter of an hour. His gaze never wavered from me, and I found that I was beginning to feel downright ill, shaken by a reasonless fear, and yet chained, as it were, to the fixed mental image of my old French instructor. Two or three times during this stage, there was a moment when I tried to say to myself, “What abject folly! what buffoonery!” and wanted to laugh and shrug my shoulders. But when I tried, I found I could not. My will seemed to have become paralyzed. I do not know how otherwise to express it. I felt as if I had lost my personal freedom. I seemed to be bound hand and foot.

All at once, the man left the door, and came forward one or two steps directly towards me. After this, my impression was that he put his two feet together and jumped—anyhow, he came nearer—and then nearer, and nearer again. His terror-striking eyes were never moved from mine for a second. His arms remained crossed behind his back; and the violence of his breathing seemed to increase. I was fully conscious how ridiculous his jumps were, in themselves; but, somehow, my feeling of nervous terror only augmented—

At this point, for some reason at which I cannot guess, I found myself overpowered by a sensation of irresistible drowsiness. My eyelids closed. The face in front of me, crowned by the unkempt locks and marked by the gleaming eyes, dilated before me to twice its size, and then disappeared completely.

I roused myself. Certainly, yes, the man was there. I saw him, between me and the door. Only he was nearer. He passed away again, as if he had disappeared in a fog. An instant after, I saw him again—then there was a complete blank.

After this I saw him once more. He was nearer. He had indeed reached me. His struggling breath, which had now become a sort of hoarse rattle, fell upon me. But this sight and sense were soon obliterated in another blank fog. And amid that fog I saw something white

gleaming, and the gleaming presently came out more clearly as white hair fastened behind with a comb. It was my old French tutor's head. I knew it well enough. There there were the two warts, and the heavy black eyebrows, and the hooked nose. There also there were even the green coat and the glittering buttons, the striped waistcoat, the frill, and the ruffles.

On seeing this I am conscious that I gave a loud cry, and rose from the chair — whereupon I saw nothing in front of me but the man in the blue frock, who was staggering up to the wall, against which he pressed his head and his hands, and, with a convulsive gasp, like the respiration of a roaring horse, cried, "Tea!"

Mastridia was beside him in a moment — whence she came, I know not — and began to wipe away the sweat which was trickling in streams down his face, while she called him "her Basil! — her own little Basil!" I was about to approach them, when she cried to me in a voice of agony not to kill him, but to be gone, for the love of Christ. I obeyed her, and she began assuring "her darling, her sweet angel," that he should have the tea at once, "yes, at once, at once," and then turned to me again, and advised me also to go and get a cup of tea. I left the house accordingly.

When I got back to the hotel, I followed Mastridia's advice, and called for a cup of tea. The fact was that I found myself feeling utterly worn out, as if broken with fatigue.

"Well," said Ardalion, "did you go there? And did you see anything?"

"I was shown something," I answered, "which — which I certainly did not expect."

"He is a man as understands a lot," said Ardalion, as he arranged the tea-urn. "The mercantile classes here thinks very highly of him."

When I was in bed, and thinking over my adventure, it occurred to me how I could explain it. The man, no doubt, possessed a great magnetic force. He had succeeded in working on my nerves by some means which were to me unknown, until the mental image of my old tutor became so lively and distinct as to appear to myself to be outside me. Such *metastases*, or displacements of sensation, are known to science. There remains, however, the question as to what the actual force is which is capable of producing such results; and this question still remains an unsolved mystery. "It is all

very well to talk and to explain," thought I, "but the fact remains the same — I have seen before my own eyes my old tutor who has been dead these many years."

The next day was that of the county ball. Sophia's father came to see me, and recalled to me my engagement to dance with his daughter. Accordingly, at six o'clock the same afternoon, we were dancing together to the strident blasts of a military band, in the midst of a gaily illuminated ball-room. There was a great crowd, many of whom were ladies, and several remarkably good-looking, but in this respect none of them could be put in comparison with my own partner, notwithstanding the strange look which marked her expression. I noticed that she very seldom looked down, and that the curious expression of her eyes was hardly counteracted by its perfect frankness. She was beautifully made, and her movements, although timid, were exquisitely graceful. As she bent herself in valseing, with her delicate neck turned away from my right shoulder, it was impossible to imagine a more charming embodiment of youth and innocence. Round her neck she wore a black riband, to which was attached a turquoise cross; but, with this exception, she was dressed entirely in white.

I asked her to dance the cotillon with me, and, while it was going on, tried to lead her into conversation, but she only answered me in monosyllables, and seemed to dislike speaking. On the other hand, she listened to me with great attention, and I noticed again the sort of air of pensive wonder which had puzzled me the first time I had seen her. Her manner was absolutely devoid of any shade of coquetry; she never smiled; and her eyes remained wide open and calmly fixed upon those of whoever was speaking to her. And yet these same eyes, all the while, never lost their appearance of being occupied with something far away, something which the rest of the world could not see. At last, as my hopes of being able to amuse her began to wane, it came into my head to tell her what had happened to me the night before.

She listened to me with undisguised interest, but, when I had finished, she manifested no surprise, and only asked me whether the man was not called Basil. I remembered that Mastridia had so addressed him.

"Yes," I answered. "His name is Basil; do you know him?"

"God," she said, "has an holy servant

here whose name is Basil. I thought that it must be the same man."

"Whether he is holy or not," I replied, "I do not know, and it has nothing to do with what I saw. It was a pure effect of magnetism, and it would be very interesting for doctors and naturalists to study."

I tried to explain to her the nature of the magnetic or mesmeric force, by means of which the will of one man can be brought into subjection to the will of another, etc., etc., but my exposition — which was not, I must admit, particularly clear — appeared to produce no impression on her whatsoever. She listened to me with her hands lying in her lap and holding her fan. She was perfectly motionless; not one of her fingers moved; and it seemed to me as if my stream of words might as well be falling upon a marble statue at some great distance from her. She understood what I was saying; but it was quite evident that the subject was one upon which she had a distinct mind of her own, thoroughly made up, and against which it was useless to argue.

"Then you do not believe in miracles?" she said suddenly, at last, and then continued quietly, "But I believe in them. I do not see how we can avoid believing in them. The Gospel says, 'If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say unto this mountain, Remove hence to yonder place, and it shall remove; and nothing shall be impossible unto you.' Therefore, if any one has faith, he can work miracles."

"Then," I replied, "there must be uncommonly little faith at present, for certainly we do not get any miracles."

"Yes, we do," answered my partner. "It was a miracle that you saw yourself last night. It is not that there is no faith nowadays. It is because the beginning of faith —"

I interrupted her by repeating the words of Scripture: "The beginning of wisdom is the fear of the Lord." But she went on without paying the least attention to me, "The beginning of faith is self-abnegation, lowliness —"

"Lowliness, too?" I interposed.

"Yes," she continued. "The things which must be got rid of first of all, the things which must be plucked up by the very roots, are pride, and self-seeking, and self-esteem. You were speaking of *will* just now. Well, the will must be beaten down altogether."

I looked at the charming preacher. It was quite clear that she was thoroughly in earnest. At the same time, I saw that

our neighbors had taken notice of the earnestness of our conversation, and that my air of astonishment evidently amused them. One or two regarded me with a sympathetic smile, as though to say, "Well, why should not we have an infant phenomenon of our own, at T — as well as anywhere else? She is new to you, but we know her ways well enough."

At last I resumed, —

"Did you ever try to beat down *your* will?"

She answered me in a somewhat dogmatic tone, —

"Every one is bound to do what seems to him to be the teaching of the truth."

"Might I take the liberty of asking," I enquired, after a silence of a few moments, "whether you think that it is possible to call up the dead?"

Sophia shook her head gently and said,

"There are no dead."

"What!" said I, "no dead?"

"No," said my partner, "souls cannot die. Souls are immortal, and they can always make us know that they are there, if they so please. But whether we can see them or not, they are always round about us."

"What do you mean?" I answered. "Just look at the old major with the red nose. Do you think that he is surrounded by immortal souls?"

"I do not see the difficulty," said Sophia. "The sunlight has tanned his nose, and the sunlight is the gift of God, the Father of all lights. What does it matter what things look like? 'Unto the pure, all things are pure.' The difficulty is to find a teacher, a guide —"

I felt a little inclined to banter her, and I said, —

"Forgive me for making the remark; but if you are still in search of a teacher and guide — what is the use of your confessor?"

Sophia stared at me coldly.

"I am afraid," she said, "that you wish to make fun of me. However, what my confessor does is to tell me what I ought to do. What I have need of is some guide who will go before me, and show me, by the example of his own sacrifice of himself, how I can sacrifice *myself*."

As she uttered these words, she looked towards the ceiling, and the sweet virgin face, in its profound repose, and with its expression of mystic exaltation, brought to my mind the Madonnas of Raphael — I mean those of his earlier period, and not of his later, which are, I confess, those which are most to my taste. As I con-

tinued to look at her, she spoke again, but without turning or altering her position, and hardly, as it seemed, even moving her lips.

"I think," she said gently, "that I once read somewhere the story of a great prince, who left an order that he should be buried under the threshold of a church, so that everybody that came out and that went in might trample him, as it were, under their feet—only that is how we ought to put ourselves while we are still alive."

Here her voice was drowned by an unusually noisy crash from the band. It suddenly struck me how very eccentric was the combination of our conversation and our position, although I am free to admit that the growing interest with which my beautiful partner had inspired me was anything but exclusively that of a theological controversialist. Another dancer now came to lead her out in one of the figures of the cotillon, and I took advantage of this break to let our religious discussion drop. A quarter of an hour afterwards, the ball ended; I brought Sophia back to her father, and we parted. The next day I left T—.

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From Blackwood's Magazine.  
MOSS FROM A ROLLING STONE.

BY LAURENCE OLIPHANT.

CRIMEAN AND CIRCASSIAN EXPERIENCES  
DURING THE WAR, 1854-55.

IN the early part of the year 1854, I was startled one morning by the clattering of a mounted orderly, who reined up at the door of my modest lodging in Half-Moon Street, and impressed my worthy landlady with a notion of my importance which she had not hitherto entertained, by handing her a letter which required an immediate answer. I found it to contain a request from Lord Raglan's chief of the staff, that I should repair at once to the Horse Guards. The English army was on the point of embarking for the Crimea, and, as may be imagined, I lost no time in obeying the summons. I was ushered into a room containing a long table covered with maps, and round which were standing several officers of rank, among whom, the only two that I remember, were Lord de Ros and Sir John Burgoyne. The commander-in-chief himself was not present. The Crimea was at that time almost a *terra incognita* in England,

and travellers who had ever been actually inside the forbidden precincts of Sebastopol itself were rare.

Now it so happened that about sixteen months before, I had travelled through Russia, and spent two or three hours within the walls of that celebrated fortress, and I was now summoned to tell the chiefs of the expedition all I knew about it. Sir John Burgoyne told me that he had just been examining a Pole, who had given him an account of the serious character of the fortifications on the land side which did not altogether tally with other information he had received, and he begged me to give him the result of my observations. I assured him that if any such fortifications on the land side existed, they must have been erected since my visit. I had entered the town from Balaclava, and I must certainly have remembered passing through them. I was therefore prepared most positively to assert that, in October, 1852, there was no more impediment, for an army which should effect a landing at Balaclava, to marching into Sebastopol, than there would be to an army marching into Brighton from the downs behind it; and I felt sure that my travelling companion, Mr. Oswald Smith, would, if further evidence were required, confirm this statement. At the same time, I had, without any pretension to a knowledge of military tactics, amused myself, as soon as a hostile invasion of Russia was determined upon, in forming quite another plan of campaign, which consisted in a combined attack upon the Isthmus of Perekop, by way of the Gulf of Perekop on the west and the Sea of Azof on the east. The capture of the small fort there would have cut off the whole of the Crimea, to which very few troops had yet been transported. It would have been impossible for Russia to reinforce Sebastopol, either by sea or land, and the fall of that fortress, provided that the Allies could have maintained their position at Perekop, would simply have been a question of time. We should have stood upon the defensive against Russia at a position of great natural strength, instead of on the offensive against her, at the point where, as it afterwards turned out, the genius of Todleben made her impregnable for a year. The capture of Kertch and Theodosia would have given us command of the resources of the Crimea; and the defeat of the garrison of Sebastopol, had it ventured out to attack us, would not only have sealed the fate of that fortress, but would have given us the

whole Tauric peninsula, which we could have held as a permanent guarantee; and then, if Russia still refused to come to terms, we should, by leaving a sufficiently strong force to defend Perekop, have been free to transfer the scene of operations to the Caucasus and the provinces beyond it. I ventured, after giving Sir John Burgoyne all the information in my power as to the defences of Sebastopol, the apparent strength of its garrison, and so forth, to point to Perekop as a weak spot, but of course could only do this with the greatest diffidence. So far as I can remember, he listened without making any remark; at all events, I soon felt so much impressed with a sense of my own presumption in volunteering a plan of campaign, that I confined myself to a mere hint of it; but I have often wondered if the whole thing had to be done over again, whether it would be attempted in the same way as it was before.

I was extremely anxious to take a part in the campaign in some capacity or another, and should have accepted an offer of the late Mr. Delane to go out as *Times* correspondent, had not Lord Clarendon kindly held out hopes that he would send me out when an opportunity offered. It was while anxiously awaiting this that Lord Elgin proposed that I should accompany him to Washington on special diplomatic service as secretary; and as the mission seemed likely to be of short duration, I gladly accepted the offer, in the hope that I might be back in time to find employment in the East before the war was ended. Nearly a year elapsed, however, before I was again in a position to remind Lord Clarendon of his promise; but Sebastopol was still holding out bravely, and the public were getting impatient at a siege so protracted and so barren of definite results. I was emboldened thereby to publish a pamphlet, in which I suggested the expediency of a campaign in the Caucasus, a part of the world to which it was difficult to attract attention, until the siege of Kars forced its strategic value upon public notice. Feeling strongly the importance of a diversion in this direction, and the use which might be made of the Circassians, who were in a chronic state of guerilla warfare with Russia, but with whom during the year that our own hostilities with that empire had lasted we had opened no relations, with the view of inviting their co-operation and alliance, I proposed to Lord Clarendon that I should undertake a mission to Schamyl, for the purpose, if

possible, of concerting some scheme with that chieftain by which combined operations could be carried on, either with the Turkish contingent which was then just organized by General Vivian, or with the Turkish regular army. It had always seemed to me that to ignore the existence of a race of brave and warlike mountaineers, who were fanatic Moslems, fighting in the heart of Russia for their independence, and yet most easily accessible by sea, was wilfully to cast aside a most powerful weapon for attack which the fortune of war had placed in our hands; we had only to land a strong Moslem force at Sujak Kaleh, on the Black Sea coast, whether of Beaton's Bashi-Bazouks, or Vivian's contingent, or Turkish regulars, provided they were Moslems, to have the whole male population of Circassia, every one a trained warrior, flock to our standard. Such a force would have the friendly mountains on its right flank to retreat to in case of necessity, the river Kuban to protect its left flank, and the rich plains which lie between the Kuban and the mountains to march across.

The objective points of such an expedition would have been the passes of Dariel and Derbend. These two mountain defiles closed by an allied army of Circassians and Turkish or irregular Moslem troops, all access into Transcaucasia would have been barred to Russia except by way of the Caspian Sea from Astrakhan—a most difficult and tedious operation, for in those days the steam transport upon it was too limited for the conveyance of an army except in minute dribbles. The Russian army in the Caucasus, at that time under General Mouravieff, only amounted to sixty thousand men. The Transcaucasian provinces of Abkhasia, Mingrelia, Imeritia, Georgia, and Gouriel were all of them disaffected to Russia,—as I afterwards had an opportunity of knowing when I campaigned through them,—and being almost exclusively Christian, would have welcomed with delight a Christian army come to release them from the Muscovite yoke. This army would only have had to contend with that under Mouravieff, and would have operated in combination not only with the force on the Kuban, holding the northern passes, but with a Turkish army advancing from the direction of Kars. Mouravieff and his force would thus have infallibly been caught in a trap, from which there was positively no escape. Not only would Kars never have fallen, but Russia would have lost all her Trans-



caucasian provinces to boot. At that time the allied armies, French, English, and Italian, round Sebastopol numbered one hundred and fifty thousand men; but even supposing none of these could be spared, Turkey could have furnished a force of fifty thousand men under Omer Pasha, exclusive of the Kars troops, which, with twenty-five thousand of Vivian's and Beatson's, would have sufficed for the operation.

These considerations I urged so strongly on Lord Clarendon, that he determined to send me to Constantinople with a letter to Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, authorizing him to send me to Daghestan, in the eastern Caucasus, where Schamyl had his stronghold, for the purpose of making certain overtures to him, at his lordship's own discretion. Lord Stratford listened most sympathetically to my proposal; indeed, he had been for months urging on the government that a campaign should be undertaken without delay for the relief of Kars, and of the rival plans proposed, was by no means opposed to the operation being undertaken by way of the Caucasus, as a diversion to compel Mouravieff to raise the siege. He had also sent Mr. Longworth to the coast of Circassia to communicate with the Naib, Schamyl's lieutenant in the western Caucasus; but he declined to commit himself to sanctioning my proposed expedition to Schamyl, on account of the great personal risk which attached to such an enterprise. Of the Naib's own messengers, which he despatched from time to time from the western to the eastern Caucasus, it was calculated that not more than one in three ever reached his destination; to do so, it was necessary to cross a district in Russian hands, called the two Kabardas. The only way to do this was to ride all night, and lie concealed in some hiding-place all day; but, as I understood, neither woods nor caves abounded, and to play a game of hide-and-seek in an open country, with a scattered hostile population, and Cossack guerillas continually scouring it in every direction for the express purpose of intercepting such messengers, was one which experience had proved had more often than not cost those who had engaged in it their lives. Lord Stratford's hesitation, therefore, to despatch me at once proceeded from motives for which I could not feel otherwise than grateful, though I was much disappointed at his objections, which I did my best to overcome. Finally

he gave me a sort of qualified promise, and in the mean time proposed to me as a consolation that I should accompany him to the Crimea, on the occasion of his proceeding to the seat of war to confer medals and decorations on the gallant officers who had so well earned them. Until the day appointed for our departure arrived, he was so kind as to extend the hospitality of the embassy to me, and here I came in contact with probably a more brilliant group of men, so far as talent was concerned, than could be found in any diplomatic circle in Europe.

Lord Napier, then secretary of embassy; Odo Russell, afterwards Lord Amphilh; Percy Smythe, afterwards Lord Strangford; Charles Alison, afterwards minister in Persia, — were all men of quite remarkable ability, and the last two of exceptional Oriental attainments; while, if Lord Pevensey, Lionel Moore, and Brodie, the three juniors, never made a mark in the world, it was from no lack of capacity of a truly high order, which they each severally possessed. The days passed in such society are not to be forgotten; and I have never since been thrown with so many men where the stories were so racy, the repartee so quick, the flow of wit so constant, or the conversation generally so brilliant, as among those by whom Lord Stratford was surrounded at the time of the Crimean war. If anything could reconcile me to delay in the realization of my projects, it was life on the lovely shores of the Bosphorus, under these conditions, with all the excitement attendant upon a residence at the embassy, when any hour might bring stirring intelligence from the seat of war, and almost every day brought arrivals of officers fresh from it, with graphic details of personal adventure. The little quay at Therapia swarmed with uniforms, faded and war-worn, or spick and span, betraying the veteran or the new-comer, as the case might be; while a constant succession of transports and steam-vessels of all kinds, varied now and then by a man-of-war, and *caïques* darting to and fro, imparted an air of animation to the scene which is at all times one of the most beautiful in Europe, but which was then invested with a thrilling interest.

At last the day fixed for our departure arrived, and on the 24th August, 1855, we embarked on H.M. despatch-vessel *Telegraph*, — the party consisting of the ambassador, Lord Napier, General Mansfield (afterwards Lord Sandhurst), Count Pi-

sani, — whose name must ever be identified with the British embassy at Constantinople, as one of the oldest and most trusted members, — Messrs. Alison, Moore, Brodie, and myself. Owing to a fog, it was dark the following evening before we approached our destination, and we only knew of our proximity to land by the distant flashes of the guns through the darkness, and the sullen reverberation which followed them. When day broke, I found that we were at anchor at the entrance to Kamiesch Bay, which was crowded with the British fleet. Weighing, we steamed slowly through them, amid the thunder of salutes, the manning of yards, and the strains of the national anthem, to our anchorage; then followed the official visits, and long discussions on the affairs of the nations, between Lord Stratford and Admirals Lyons and Bruat, during which I watched the progress of the bombardment through a telescope, being able distinctly to see the shells from the Russian batteries exploding in the French trenches, and the scurry which followed each such event. We spent the whole day in Kamiesch Bay, dining at night at a banquet given to the ambassador on board the Royal Albert, at which the two English and two French admirals were present, besides a great many distinguished officers. I could not but feel the contrast as we sat on deck and sipped our coffee after dinner, listening to the incessant roar of the cannonade, and watching shell after shell explode in the darkness, between our own condition of luxurious and festive enjoyment, and the agonies which hundreds of poor fellows were at that very moment enduring.

The next morning we rode up to camp, where I was so fortunate as to find my old friend Captain Valentine Baker, then of the 12th Lancers (now Baker Pasha), in command of the headquarters escort, established in a capacious Indian hut, which he kindly invited me to share with him during my stay in the Crimea, and where, owing to its proximity to headquarters, I was in the best position to be informed as to the events which were transpiring. The ambassador, less fortunate, as I considered, than I was, slept every night during his stay with the army on board the Telegraph, the labor of riding to camp and back each day adding not a little to the fatigue of the functions he was called upon to perform. First, there was a grand breakfast given in his honor by Sir James Simpson, who had succeeded Lord Raglan as commander-in-

chief, the solemn dignity of which I was glad to escape, and take a more lively midday meal with Captain (now Admiral Sir Harry) Keppel, and some of the Naval Brigade. I had also many friends among the engineers and artillery, with one of whom I made an exciting expedition to the most advanced trench, which, as it was only a few weeks prior to the surrender of Sebastopol, had been pushed to an unpleasantly close proximity to the fortress, and the shelter of which, to my unprofessional mind and unaccustomed nerves, was meagre to a degree, and by no means dispensed with the constant exercise of watchfulness and agility, as the enemy's shells came lobbing into it, and exploding in all sorts of unexpected quarters. To go to the furthest extreme point, to pop one's head over the trench for a moment and take a hurried glance over the narrow space intervening between it and the nearest embrasures, to see them belch forth their smoke almost in one's face, to hear the ping of the rifle-bullets aimed at too curious observers of this description, and suddenly to pop down again, — was to achieve an experience which one felt it totally unnecessary to repeat, more especially as the main object of undergoing it at all seemed to be to be able afterwards to say you had done it. It was in the engineers' camp that I first made the acquaintance of General Gordon, — a fact which we had both forgotten, until, on comparing notes in Palestine in December, 1883, only a month before he left London for Khartoum, we recalled the circumstances of our first meeting eight-and-twenty years before.

Scrambling about the camp before Sebastopol was attended with extreme difficulty for a visitor; the distances were so great, and the disposition of the army to a stranger seemed so complicated, that endless inquiries often landed you at last at a wrong destination. Then the walking was so detestable, that a horse, which had on each occasion to be borrowed, was an almost absolute necessity. I could scarcely recognize, as I wandered through the maze of tents and huts, that not two years before I had driven across the same country from Balaclava into Sebastopol, without, so far as I can recollect, meeting a soul; and that the frowning batteries which held at bay the English, French, Italian, and Turkish armies had all been erected since then. It was a strange coincidence that, on leaving Sebastopol on that occasion, the wheel of the wagon I was in should have

given way,\* and afforded me an opportunity of sketching the identical slopes of Inkermann, with the stream meandering at their base, upon which, about eighteen months afterwards, the celebrated battle was destined to be fought.

Finding myself next to Sir John Burgoyne at dinner one night at headquarters, I reminded him of our meeting in London, and I asked him whether the information I had given him on that occasion, as to the defenceless condition of Sebastopol, was correct. He admitted that it was, and that after the battle of the Alma it would have been perfectly possible to have taken the town by assault; but he said it would have involved a great loss of men, as the fire from the houses in which the enemy were ensconced would have been very destructive, a loss which he calculated would be avoided by awaiting the arrival of the siege-train. He further had the frankness to admit, however, that he had not taken the genius of a Todleben into his calculations, and that they had been completely upset by the remarkable engineering skill, in the matter of earthworks, of that celebrated officer.

On the third day after our arrival in the Crimea, the grand function took place which had been the special object of Lord Stratford's visit to the seat of war. The weather was lovely. About two thousand men were formed into a square, which was decorated with numerous flags floating in the breeze. A sort of raised dais had been constructed for the ambassador, who, seated upon it, invested Sir Edmund Lyons and Sir Colin Campbell with the insignia of G. C. B., and several other officers with the lower grades of the same order. It was a striking moment as the guns thundered forth a royal salute, to hear it broken in upon by the boom of the cannon sending forth their defiant response, and to see now and then a shell bursting in the air, to remind one that these gallant soldiers, like the knights of old, were being decorated upon the field of battle, and amid the din of actual warfare.

Meantime I was getting anxious about my own fate. The ambassador had been so much occupied with receptions, entertainments, and grand functions—among them a great display which M. Soyer

gave us of camp cookery—that I had shrunk from troubling him with my personal affairs, and yet the prospect of going back with him to Constantinople did not smile upon me. The Duke of Newcastle, who was then in the Crimea, having resigned his seat in the Cabinet, projected a trip to the Caucasus, and was kind enough to invite me to accompany him; but I clung rather to the idea of a special mission to Schamyl in Daghestan, the necessity for which, it seemed to me, was every day more pressing. It had become evident that Sebastopol could not hold out much longer; but there was no reason to suppose that we were going to be dragged into a peace by the French, by which the results of the war would be in a great measure sacrificed. On the contrary, it seemed likely that the scene of operations would be transferred to another quarter, and that the government would at last open its eyes to the fact that the most vulnerable spot in the Russian Empire was the Caucasian provinces. I did not then know, what I discovered afterwards, as may be proved by official documents, that it entered into the policy of our allies to sacrifice our Eastern interests to their own immediate necessities, though, as it afterwards turned out, at the period of my visit to the Crimea, General Pélissier was pursuing a course which could bear no other construction. At that very moment Lord Stratford was receiving from General Williams news of the straits to which the garrison of Kars was being rapidly reduced by the besieging army under General Mouravieff, and of the necessity of immediate relief being sent to prevent its capture; and was urging on the British government the expediency of sending the Turkish army, then lying idle in the Crimea under Omer Pasha, to its relief. Six weeks before our visit, Omer Pasha had met the generals of the allied armies in conference, had explained to them the useless inactivity to which he, with his whole army, was condemned, and had implored them to let him at once undertake an Asiatic campaign for the relief of Kars; but his arguments had failed to move them—General Pélissier being most emphatic in his objection to it, and General Simpson being a passive tool in the hands of his French colleague. Lord Stratford, however, took a very different view of the situation, and so strongly advocated the measure urged by Omer Pasha, that he had extracted the consent of the British government to it, qualified, however, by

\* See *The Russian Shores of the Black Sea in the autumn of 1852; with a Voyage down the Volga, and a Tour through the Country of the Don Cossacks.* By Laurence Oliphant. William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London: 1854.

the proviso, "that the government of the emperor will concur in it." The emperor only concurred in it subject to the approval of General Pélissier, who flatly refused. It was at this juncture that we were in the Crimea, — the battle of the Tchernaya had been fought, the fall of Sebastopol had become a matter of days. There were one hundred and fifty thousand allied English, French, and Italian troops awaiting its surrender, and not exposed to the slightest danger; and yet, in General Pélissier's opinion, the safety of these three European armies depended upon the presence by their side of thirty thousand Turkish troops. Had this force been allowed to leave the Crimea while we were there, the event proved that they would have been in plenty of time to have saved Kars, which did not capitulate for three months after this. A month later, the Turkish army was still kicking its heels in front of Sebastopol, to the great discomfort of the other three armies, who had difficulty enough in finding camping-grounds and supplies. Sebastopol had fallen a fortnight before. General Pélissier had been deprived of his last excuse, and yet we read in a despatch from Colonel (now General) Sir Lintorn Simmons, the English commissioner with the Turkish army, dated the 21st September: "General Simpson has informed me that he sees no objection to their [the Turkish troops] departure. The only obstacle seems to be that the assent of General Pélissier and the French government has not been given." At last, a week later, this consent was reluctantly extracted. And the record of the campaign of the Turkish army in the Caucasus, in which I took part, proved that it was given three weeks too late. Had the Turkish army been released even the day after Sebastopol fell, it would have been in Tiflis before Kars surrendered, and Mouravieff would have been compelled to raise the siege of that fortress. As it was, we had arrived at a point one hundred and thirty miles from Tiflis, or ten days' easy marching, with nothing to oppose our advance but a Russian force scarce a third of our own number, which had already suffered one serious defeat at our hands, and was in full retreat before us, when the news reached us of General Williams's surrender.

It was a story which has since almost found its parallel in the failure of the expedition to relieve General Gordon at Khartoum; but the circumstances which attended the fatal delay were not so well

known, for at that moment the *entente cordiale* with France was supposed to be a consideration of paramount importance in our policy, and it might have been seriously imperilled had the British public thoroughly understood at the time that the fall of Kars, which was being defended by British officers, was directly due to the refusal of the French government to allow a force which was doing nothing in the Crimea, to proceed to its relief.

It was doubtless the increased prominence which the exposed territories of Russia on the eastern shores of the Black Sea were likely to assume so soon as Sebastopol fell, which induced Lord Stratford to send Mr. Alison from the Crimea at this time on a special mission to Circassia, with instructions to confer with Mr. Longworth in anticipation of future contingencies, the more especially as the conduct of the Turkish officials who had been placed in the forts captured by us from the Russians on the coast of Circassia, and their treatment of the natives, had not been such as to give unqualified satisfaction. In Mr. Alison's instructions he was directed to confer with Mr. Longworth in regard to my project of going as an emissary of the British government to Daghestan, and I was informed that I was to accompany him.

It was therefore in high spirits that, on the evening of the last day of August, I embarked with Mr. Alison on board H. M. S. *Highflyer*, Captain Moore, which was detached from the squadron in order to take us to Circassia. At Kertch I found the 71st Highlanders, whom I had known well the previous year at Quebec, and after spending a pleasant day with them, went on to Anapa, the first or most northerly Circassian fort which we had taken from the Russians. Here we transferred ourselves to H. M. S. *Cyclops*, which had been placed at the disposal of Mr. Longworth; and in that comfortable and roomy old tub — of a type now obsolete — had a most enjoyable cruise along the Circassian coast, landing repeatedly at the dismantled Russian forts occupied by Circassians, who received us everywhere most cordially, for they had formed a most exalted idea of British prowess when they found that the forts which had always resisted their efforts had either been abandoned or surrendered at once to the guns of the British fleet. I had earnestly wished to proceed on my mission to Daghestan from Anapa, which I thought the most eligible starting point; but both Alison and Longworth were of



opinion that it would be desirable first to communicate with the Naib, Schamyl's lieutenant in the western Caucasus, and procure, if possible, an escort.

We hoped to find that chief within reaching distance from the coast; but in this we were disappointed, and it was deemed undesirable to incur the delay of trying to reach him in the mountains, as it was considered important that a conference should first be held with Omer Pasha, who had just arrived at Trebizond, to decide upon the best strategical measures to be taken for the relief of Kars. To my mind the enjoyment of a yachting cruise in a comfortable man-of-war, at the loveliest season of the year, along the most exquisite coast scenery to be found anywhere, and in most agreeable company, scarcely compensated for the uncertainty and delay which thus attended the realization of my own project. Our party consisted of Messrs. Alison and Longworth; Mr. (now Sir Alfred) Sandison, the nephew and at that time the private secretary of the latter; Captain Ballard, who commanded the Cyclops; and myself. At Trebizond we found the Turkish commander-in-chief perfectly furious at the delay to which he had been subjected by the generals in the Crimea, unable to form any definite plan of campaign until he knew what the strength of his army was to be, and when it was to be at his disposal; a position of matters which was aggravated by the fact that while here we heard of the fall of Sebastopol, but received no intelligence that the Turkish army had left the Crimea in consequence.

The strategic question at issue was, whether it would be best to attempt the relief of Kars direct from Trebizond by way of Erzeroum, the objection to which plan was that there was no harbor at Trebizond, and the disembarkation of troops might be attended with great danger, delay, and difficulty; or from Batoum, which possessed an excellent harbor, but the roads from which place, across the country to Kars, were almost impracticable for artillery; or whether it would not be best to land at Sukhum Kaleh, and march directly on Tiflis, thus threatening the whole of Russian Transcaucasia, and creating a diversion in favor of Kars by compelling Mouravieff to raise the siege of that fortress. On visiting Batoum, I was much struck with its great strategic value as a port—a value which the Russians recognize so fully, that they succeeded in acquiring it by the Treaty of Berlin, and are now fortifying it in direct

defiance of a clause in that treaty prohibiting them from doing so. The American code of commercial morality is, that it is perfectly legitimate to break a solemn contract if the advantages to be gained more than compensate for the damages which you will have to pay for so doing under a legal judgment. The modern code of international morality seems to be, that it is perfectly legitimate to break a treaty, if you can do so without incurring the risks of war; and it is in accordance with that code that the Russians are now acting in the matter of Batoum.

The delays consequent upon the departure of his army from the Crimea, finally decided Omer Pasha to undertake a campaign in the Transcaucasus, with Tiflis as an objective point. Meantime Mr. Alison left us at Trebizond, to go back to Constantinople; and we returned in the Cyclops to Sukhum Kaleh, to start upon an expedition from that point into the interior, which had been decided upon, with the object of distributing proclamations, calling upon the inhabitants to rise and co-operate with their Mohammedan brethren, who were coming to free them from the Muscovite yoke. As, however, there were reasons why we could not start upon this mission until Omer Pasha arrived, and as the commander-in-chief lingered so long at Batoum that our patience was becoming exhausted, Mr. Longworth sent me back to that place in the Cyclops to discover the cause of the delay. In answer to my urgent representations that we were anxious, before the season for crossing the mountains closed, to start on our expedition, Omer Pasha insisted that there was no cause for hurry; that he intended to summon a great meeting of Circassian chiefs at Sukhum Kaleh, and that he would then make arrangements for us all to start from Sujak Kaleh and go into the interior together, by way of the plains to the north of the range. I represented that we should thus be exposed to Russian attack; but he maintained that we could always retreat in case of necessity into the mountains on our right flank, and that he would arrange that the force should be large enough to resist any Cossack irregulars we were likely to meet. Meantime he desired me to return to Sukhum Kaleh and request Mr. Longworth to come back to Batoum, and to stop on the way at a small place called Shefkatil, to meet there the prince of Georgia's brother, and endeavor to make terms with him which should induce the prince to declare himself in favor of the



allies. On our way back we took provisions to the Turkish garrison at Redoute Kaleh, which, I verily believe, would have starved to death had it not been for our opportune arrival. Mr. Longworth at once responded to Omer Pasha's appeal; but no Georgian prince was forthcoming at Shefkatil according to appointment, though an extremely picturesque emissary arrived at Batoum shortly after we got there, and had a long and secret conference with Omer Pasha. I suspect, however, that his master the prince was not inclined to commit himself definitely to the desertion of the Russians; and as it afterwards turned out, it was fortunate for him that he contented himself with temporizing. At last we succeeded in dragging Omer Pasha out of Batoum, and took him with us to Sukhum on board the Cyclops.

I had now performed the voyage between Sukhum and Batoum six times, hammering away in a futile manner on the rim of the country I so ardently desired to penetrate, unable to get any positive decision arrived at in regard to my mission, which was all the more aggravating, as it was constantly being talked of as a thing which, sooner or later, under some circumstances or other, either in company with Mr. Longworth or alone, or with a strong force or a small escort, or by the mountains or by the plains, was to come off; but as week after week passed, it seemed further from being accomplished than ever. At last, three days after our arrival at Sukhum Kaleh, Omer Pasha informed me that he wished to send me on a special mission from himself to the Naib. As, when its purport was explained to Mr. Longworth, it received that gentleman's full concurrence, my spirits rose as they had never done before. I had made all my preparations, received my instructions, and on the morning of my start was only waiting the arrival of the Turkish officer who was to accompany me, when he appeared with the depressing intelligence that Omer Pasha had changed his mind, and had given up the idea of sending the proposed mission, as news had reached him that the Naib was on his way from the interior to pay his respects in person to the Turkish generalissimo. I thought the fates were certainly against me, as I sadly ordered my horse back to the stable, and resigned myself to the chapter of accidents. Omer Pasha had not been misinformed. The Naib arrived a few days after, and at the same time the Highflyer

appeared, having on board the Duke of Newcastle and Mr. (now Lord) Calthorpe. Transports also came pouring in from the Crimea, disgorging the army for which we had been so long waiting; and the picturesque harbor of Sukhum, with its fort and village — which had been abandoned by its Russian occupants when I first saw them, and was a spot of silent and deserted loveliness — was now a scene of life and bustle, and, for those whose fate obliged them to live on shore, of no little discomfort.

Omer Pasha received the Naib with every mark of respect and consideration. He was evidently a personage of great authority among the mountaineers, and was very proud of an expedition he had just made against the Russians in the province of Karachai, which he declared was a great success, but which some Karachai men, whom I afterwards saw, pronounced a failure. He was invested by the commander-in-chief with Turkish official rank as governor of the western Caucasus, and in that capacity could, I thought, have easily forwarded me in safety to Schamyl. Whether as a bigoted Moslem he had a prejudice against allowing me to penetrate where no foreigner had ever been before, or was jealous of any direct communication with Schamyl, between whom and the outside world he was at that time the sole intermediary, I know not; but he made objections to my proposed journey on the ground of the lateness of the season and the insecurity of the country, which neither Omer Pasha nor Mr. Longworth used any arguments to overcome. Had they done so, I do not think he would have persisted in his opposition; indeed I have a strong suspicion that Omer Pasha looked upon the mission with disfavor, believing, as did Mr. Longworth, that it would be rendered unnecessary by a successful advance on Tiflis, from which point Daghestan and its celebrated chieftain could be visited without difficulty by Mr. Longworth himself, as well as by Turkish emissaries, none of whom were anxious to undertake the risks of a mission under present conditions. I was therefore finally compelled to reconcile myself to the disappointment, and gladly accepted an invitation from the Duke of Newcastle to accompany him on a short trip into the interior. Our party was a large one, and consisted of his Grace, Mr. Calthorpe, Captain Moore, Mr. Simpson (the well-known and popular artist of the *Illustrated London News*), Mr. Longworth, Mr. Sandison, and my-

self. A small abandoned Russian post on the coast, called Vardan, was our starting-point, and the utterly unknown and unexplored Circassian province of Ubooch the scene of our wanderings. These lasted for a little more than a week, and led us high into the mountains, through the most romantic scenery, and among a people as new and interesting to us as we must have been to them. As, however, I published a record of our adventures and observations on that occasion in the pages of this magazine, I will not allude to them further now. On our return to Sukhum Kaleh, we became the guests of Prince Michael of Abkhasia—of which province Sukhum is the capital—who organized a grand shooting party at one of his country residences in honor of the duke, who afterwards returned to England, whilst I, finding all chance of diplomatic work of the kind I ambitioned at an end, for the present at all events, attached myself to the Turkish army, with which there were then five English officers, and especially to Colonel Ballard of the East India Company's Service, who commanded two battalions of rifles, and was an officer of signal capacity and merit. Under him I did some amateur soldiering, and devoted myself to chronicling the events of the campaign in the columns of the *Times*, afterwards republished,\*—a duty which seemed to me the more necessary, as there was no correspondent of any paper with the army throughout, and no public record would otherwise have existed of a military episode in the highest degree interesting at the time, and which, had it been successful, would have been pregnant with the most important political results. On my return to Constantinople I received a reprimand from Lord Stratford for having imposed this task upon myself while engaged in a *quasi* diplomatic capacity; but I represented that I considered this to have come to an end as soon as the diplomatic object which had brought me to Circassia had become unattainable, and that as I was receiving no pay at the time, my pen was at my own disposal; at the same time, I declined an offer which he kindly made me that I should remain at Constantinople as his private secretary.

The chief incidents of the campaign

were the battle of the Ingour; the long and unaccountable delay at Sugdidi, the capital of Mingrelia, which followed it; and the disastrous retreat when the winter rains set in, and the news reached us of the fall of Kars. In regard to the first, the ease with which we overcame the Russian army sent to oppose us, proved the facility with which we might have advanced on Tiflis, and rendered it all the more difficult to explain the delay of a fortnight which followed. Many years afterwards I met a priest of the Greek Church, who had been attached to the Russian army at the battle of the Ingour, and I asked him whether there was anything to have prevented our immediate advance on Tiflis after that action; he replied, with a significant smile,—

"Physically nothing."

Seeing that he had something more to say, I inquired to what cause he attributed our delay.

"To the fact," he replied, "that our General—Mockransky—knowing that he had not men enough to stop you, used money."

"What!" I exclaimed indignantly. "Do you mean to say that Omer Pasha was bribed?"

"Heavily," he said. "It was no secret amongst us at the time."

I give this story for what it is worth. It may be a gross libel; if it is not, it detracts seriously from the military capacity of the commander-in-chief, whose skill as a general was always, to my unprofessional mind, immensely overrated, and whose character for honesty in his adopted country never stood very high. I had many opportunities of seeing a good deal of Omer Pasha, who, I am bound to say, always treated me very kindly; but with every desire to do so, I could not for many reasons retain the favorable impression which my first interview with him produced upon me. The ostensible reason for our inaction after the battle of the Ingour, was the necessity which had arisen for changing our base from Sukhum to Redoute Kaleh for commissariat and other transport. It was to this latter point that we ultimately retreated—not before the enemy, but the weather—losing a very large proportion of our force from fever and starvation, harassed night and day by Cossack irregulars, drenched to the skin by flooded rivers and unceasing torrents of rain, and compelled to endure privations which, in my own case, brought on an illness that I thought at one time would abruptly terminate my record of

\* The Transcaucasian Campaign of the Turkish Army under Omer Pasha: A Personal Narrative. By Laurence Oliphant. With Maps and Illustrations. William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London: 1856.

them. As it was, I was barely able, on the 22nd of December — just four months after I had landed in the Crimea — to scramble on board a steamer bound for Trebizond; and about the same day, between our rear-guard and some Cossack skirmishers, the last shot of the war was fired.

I would say one word finally in regard to the peace which followed, and which, by its premature conclusion, prevented the scene of our late campaign again becoming the theatre of hostile operations — this time to be undertaken by an English army, supported by the Turkish contingent and Bashi-Bazouks which we had organized, and by a Turkish force of regulars co-operating with us on the Kuban. This plan was abruptly put an end to by a peace which practically did nothing towards checking Russia's Asiatic policy. But even then she would have been powerless to resist the insertion of a clause which would have changed the whole course of events in the East since that period, and this was simply the refusal on the part of England to consent to the re-occupation by Russia of the nine or ten forts which we had taken from her, and which had been dismantled on the eastern or Circassian shore of the Black Sea.

When we consider that even when, by the Russian occupation of the coast and the erection of these forts, the Caucasus had become a besieged mountain, its brave defenders, unable to obtain arms or ammunition from without except with the greatest difficulty, had successfully held Russia at bay for thirty years, it is evident that the final conquest of the country and its annexation to the empire would have been a work of enormously increased cost and labor — if, indeed, it could ever have been achieved — had the whole of its coast remained in the hands of the Circassians, and traffic with the outside world been thus unimpeded. With the Russians deprived of a Black Sea fleet, and their access to Circassia barred from the coast, which would thus have been open to all comers to supply the population with arms, volunteers, and material aid, the absorption of this wild and inaccessible mountain range into the empire would have been a matter almost of impossibility; it would have remained a barrier permanently separating Russia from her Transcaucasian provinces, and have protected Turkey from that campaign in 1878 which resulted in the annexation of Kars and Batoum, and is about shortly to culminate in the acquisition of Armenia

and the ultimate extension of the Russian frontier to the shores of the Mediterranean.

The neglect of this simple precaution has entailed consequences which have had a predominant influence on recent events in the East. The Russian government, perceiving the narrow escape they had made from a termination of the war which would have checkmated their policy in Asiatic Turkey, took the most stringent measures, as soon as peace was concluded, to repair the weak spot in their armor of national defence and aggression, by concentrating their whole energies upon the final subjugation of the Circassians. This, after some years of severe fighting, they succeeded in achieving; and the Moslem highlanders, refusing to part with an independence for which they had struggled so long and so bravely, emigrated *en masse* into the dominions of the sultan.

The influx of about two hundred thousand destitute strangers, of all ages and both sexes, was a severe strain upon a crippled treasury; and large numbers were settled in colonies in Bulgaria and other parts of the empire, there to shift for themselves as best they could. Lawless by nature, cattle-lifters by training and instinct, brave and inured to wars, they found themselves planted in a fertile country, surrounded by a race in close affinity with the one they most detested, speaking almost the same language, and professing the same abhorred religion. The Bulgarian atrocities followed, as a matter of course. One might as well have transplanted a penniless clan of Highlanders in the middle of the last century into Kent, and expected them to live peaceably with their neighbors, as have colonized Circassians in the midst of Bulgarians and have expected fraternization.

The philanthropic British public, who a few years previously had held meetings of sympathy and collected funds for the relief of the poor expelled Circassians, now demanded vengeance against Turkey for the atrocities committed by them upon the Bulgarians; and the Russian army crossed the Danube to execute it, while the British public calmly looked on, and saw every object, to attain which they had expended so much blood and treasure in the Crimea twenty-four years before, ruthlessly sacrificed, and the treaty of 1856, which had resulted from it, torn up and scattered to the winds. We had already yielded the important clause prohibiting Russia from having a fleet on the Black

Sea; we now, by the Treaty of Berlin, gave her back Bessarabia, permitted her to annex Kars, with the harbor of Batoum, and consented to the unlimited extension of her influence across the Danube. All this was due, in the first instance, to our having concluded the Crimean war without finishing the work to which we had set our hand, by means of a Transcaucasian campaign with a British army, with the Circassians as our allies; and in the second, to our having utterly ignored the strategical value and importance of the country they occupied, and to our having taken no steps at the conclusion of peace to secure its independence.

How little apprehended at the time were the circumstances connected with the fall of Kars, — which an ignorant public attributed chiefly to neglect on the part of Lord Stratford, — and the effect which our Circassian policy was destined to produce upon subsequent events in the East, may be gathered from the following letter from the ambassador himself, dated 30th April, 1856, to whom I had sent a copy of my narrative of the campaign in which I had just been engaged, and who was as much disappointed at the sudden and inept conclusion of the war as was everybody else who had the interest of his country at heart, and understood the position of affairs at the time: —

"I am greatly obliged to you," he writes, "for thinking of me in the distribution of your Circassian volume. I accept the copy you have kindly sent me as a valuable testimony of your regard. I have been assailed with so much reckless self-seeking malignity, that the discernment of any disinterested witness having a just hold on public confidence is doubly precious to me. Many a false notion respecting the fate of Kars and its neighborhood remains still to be dispelled; but I rely with confidence on that sense of justice and love of truth which seldom fail our countrymen after allowing themselves the indulgence of a little temporary riot. We shall be delighted to see you again whenever you are tempted to explore these regions in a more complete manner. The restoration of peace gives so much uncertainty to our plans, that I can hardly venture to look forward beyond a month. — Yours very sincerely,

"STRATFORD DE R."

To judge by the foreign policy of England during the last decade, whatever may be "the sense of justice and love of

truth" of our countrymen, their ignorance of political conditions abroad, especially in the East, and of their effect upon British interests, remains unchanged.

From Tinsley's Magazine.

#### A DRIVE THROUGH THE BLUE WICKLOW MOUNTAINS.

A VISIT to Ireland during the political throes which seem to threaten its more or less complete severance from the United Kingdom may not, perhaps, commend itself to the intending tourist as an altogether pleasant or even safe experiment. As far, however, as County Wicklow is concerned, he need have no fears as to his reception. No threatening muzzle will peer at him from behind the low stone walls past which he is whirled along in that most delightful of all "conveniences," an outside car; nor will any shot disturb his equanimity, save that which will have to be forthcoming from his own pocket in payment of the ready hospitality which will meet him at every turn. More beautiful scenery than the Wicklow Mountains afford could not be desired, and their easiness of access from the capital itself renders their exploration exceedingly tempting. In how short a time it may be done may be gathered from the following account of a drive in their vicinity during the late Whitsuntide holidays.

The journey to Dublin by the Irish Mail is too well-known to need any description. It may, however, be pointed out, that to avoid fatigue, and the discomfort of arriving in a strange city at an unpleasantly early hour in the morning, it is well to break the journey at Chester, in wandering about whose quaint walls and quainter streets a few hours may be very agreeably spent.

The mail train at 11.35 the next morning will, in two hours, bear you rapidly through the picturesque scenery of the Welsh coast to Holyhead, and Kingstown will be reached at 5.30 in the afternoon. A further railway journey of about twenty minutes will land the traveller in the heart of Dublin, a dirty, dingy, and ill-paved city, which however boasts, in St. Stephen's Green and the Phoenix Park, perhaps the finest square and the grandest playground in Europe.

At the railway station the impetuosity of the Celtic temperament soon becomes manifest, and if he is unfortunate enough,



as we were, to fix on a cab which had been previously engaged by a peppery native, the stranger's welcome is more than likely to take the form of a black-guarding.

"Take thim things out o' this cab at onst," shrieked a wildly excited gentleman of close-shaven and well-to-do aspect, as our bags were placed in an apparently unappropriated vehicle; "it's moy cab; I've engaged the mon and teeken his number, so out ye come!" An appeal to the driver corroborated the irate gentleman's assertion, so out we bundled, and consoled ourselves by watching his excited gyrations with infinite amusement as assault after assault was made on the unoccupied vehicle, only to be repulsed with much oburgation by the hirer, who drove off at last perspiring and triumphant.

The first thing to strike the stranger on arriving in Dublin is the extraordinary appearance of the outside cars, which supply the place of our hansom cabs, and, seen from the rear, are most uncanny objects, having no perceptible body, and looking like nothing so much as lanky and monstrous spiders wobbling ungracefully along over the uneven roads. When well balanced, however, with a driver on a perch in front and a rider on each side, they travel splendidly, and permit of a most comfortable lounging attitude, under cover of which the unpractised rider is glad to hold on like grim death to the driver's perch or to his coat-tails or anything that is his, being possessed by a very natural dread of being shot into space as his car is gaily whisking round a corner.

Having done all the sights in Dublin, including the noble statues, each fringed with ragged patriots three or four deep, who festoon themselves on the pediments as if they were constructed for their especial benefit as an open-air lounge, inhaled the sweet odors of the Liffey at low water, watched the polo-players in the Phoenix Park on sunny afternoons, and utterly exhausted the attractions of St. Stephen's Green, we determined before our return to see something of the Wicklow Mountains, and accordingly took our departure one fine morning for Bray, arriving there after half an hour's railway journey in time for lunch at the excellent International Hotel.

Bray is a very picturesquely situated little watering-place, with a fine esplanade, shut in at one extremity by the bold promontory of Bray Head, which, with the Hill of Howth on the opposite side,

forms the magnificent entrance to Dublin Bay, so striking when seen from the deck of the approaching mail-boat. The town of Bray lies a little away from the shore, the High Street being a steep incline, at the top of which the road branches right and left through valleys of the most beautiful description.

A well-appointed car was chartered for us by the smiling hall porter of the International, who whiled away the few minutes we had to wait by exhibiting the fascinations of a pet jackdaw, which came readily to his master's call from the trees surrounding the hotel, and allowed himself to be decorated with a ferocious cockscomb and a pair of red leggings, clothed in which he looked like some wondrous fowl of the tropics.

Our driver was a pleasant-faced man of about fifty, with a fund of dry humor lurking about the corners of his mouth and a delicious brogue, and, receiving his instructions from the porter to drive us to the Dargle and Powerscourt waterfall, returning by the Rocky Valley, we set off at a spanking pace. We soon left the town behind us, and, after a drive of about two miles through a beautifully wooded valley, studded here and there with country-seats, we reached the entrance to the Dargle, where we dismounted to walk through the glen, our car proceeding by the road to meet us at the upper end.

The Dargle, or Glen of the Oaks, is a thickly wooded ravine, the sides of which rise about three hundred feet from the level of the stream which meanders through it, heard but scarcely seen through the dense masses of foliage. From a point near the head of the glen, known as the Lovers' Leap (how many lovers' leaps are there, I wonder?) the view is exceeding pretty, and here a native artist takes his seat and discourses plaintive melodies on the violin, which, it is no small praise to say, lend additional enchantment to the scene. His pathetic rendering of the mournful "Coulin" touched even our stolid Saxon hearts so much that we demanded an encore, a compliment which evidently gratified him much more than his well-earned gratuity.

After a walk of about half a mile we leave the glen for a verdant slope, from which the view of the surrounding mountains is extremely fine, and soon afterwards regain our car. A little further on we enter the Powerscourt demesne through a magnificent avenue of beeches, not, as with us, consisting merely of a double line of trees, but planted three or



four deep on either side with most telling effect. We drive through this lovely estate for about four miles to the celebrated waterfall, which, there being fortunately a fair supply of water, was seen by us to great advantage. It is a lovely fall of about three hundred feet in height, over the face of a sheer precipice, which has proved fatal to many a foolhardy tourist, who, not content with the view from below, has attempted to scale the almost perpendicular cliff. Those who have been in Norway will at once recognize its likeness to the falls which abound in the precipitous gorges of that charming country. On leaving Powerscourt we drive through the Rocky Valley, appropriately enveloped in a regular Highland mist, through the grounds of yet another private domain, all of which appear to be thrown open to visitors with the greatest generosity, and so back to Bray, reaching our hotel just in time for the *table d'hôte*.

Our next expedition was to be to the Seven Churches, the usual mode of visiting which is to leave Bray by an early train for Rathnew, about fifteen miles distant, proceeding thence by car *viâ* the Devil's Glen to Glendalough and the Seven Churches, and thence to Rathdrum station and back to Bray by rail.

Our driver, however, assured us that the distance there and back by road might easily be accomplished in a day, and that on the way we should see some of the finest scenery in County Wicklow; and as this appeared to be by far the most comfortable (and lazy) method, we agreed to trust ourselves to him and his stout little horse for the whole journey, about forty-two English miles.

Accordingly, at ten the next morning, Jehu paraded in front of the hotel in high spirits at having secured his victims, and having been carefully tucked in to prevent our falling off the car, away we bowled. The morning was delicious, the rain having fallen heavily during the night, and once more we traversed the Rocky Valley, this time better able to appreciate its rugged beauty and to admire the tiny shanty nestled amid the rocks, in which our guide informed us dwelt the "contented family," so named apparently for the reason that they paid no rent and had common of pasture on the mountain-side for all their cattle, which consisted, so far as we could make out, of a pig, a goat, and a brood of ducklings. The road now wound in an apparently interminable ascent along the side of the picturesque Sugar Loaf mountain, whose summit is a

conspicuous feature for many miles around Bray.

Up this hill of course we walked, pausing every now and then to admire the exquisite view down the valley and to drink in the sweet scent of the pale yellow gorse which flourishes on the hillside in wonderful luxuriance.

In about an hour we reached the top, and another half an hour's scramble would have brought us to the summit of the Sugar Loaf, or, speaking more poetically, of the "Silver Spear" itself, the view from which is said to be magnificent. Our long day's journey in prospect, however, forbade us to linger, and somewhat reluctantly we remounted the car for a long drive over a wide stretch of heath and bog known as Calary Flats.

We sailed gaily along mile after mile, our guide expanding with good humor as we went along, and enlivening the way with quaint observations and an occasional "cracker."

At long intervals we passed an isolated cottage or farmhouse, long, low buildings of one story, roofed with thatch or peat, the roadway in front of which was invariably occupied by a flock of geese or ducklings squatting about in the sun and much too happy and lazy to think of getting out of the way.

In some such scene as this the old woman must have dwelt who was discovered by the newly appointed curate herding her geese on a Good Friday. "I am sorry to see you thus occupied on such a day as this," said the good man, whose reverence for fast-days must have been of an unusually severe type; "do you not know that this is the day on which your Redeemer died for you?"

"'Deed, sir, and is he dead? Sure I never heard of it. This comes of living on a common!"

After about an hour's drive over the plateau we reach Roundwood, passing on the left the picturesque Vartory reservoir, from which the water supply of Dublin is obtained.

Here branches off the road which leads to the Devil's Glen, another famous show-place, similar to the Dargle, but grander and more gloomy of aspect. A story is told of a party of tourists who had set off from Newrath Hotel, to visit the Devil's Glen, armed with the usual permit obtained through the proprietor of the hotel. On reaching the entrance to the glen they were, however, confronted and stopped by a choleric gentleman who demanded what they wanted there. They explained that

they had come to see the glen, and produced their passport, which was contemptuously waived aside by the Great Unknown, who said the glen was his, and he alone could or would permit strangers to enter it, telling them somewhat roughly to be gone about their business. One of the disappointed tourists, however, launched a Parthian shot at the inhospitable lord of the demesne as they turned away, stating with much politeness that their expectation on leaving the hotel had been merely to be gratified by a view of the *Devil's Glen*, but that they must congratulate themselves on having been so exceptionally fortunate as to be honored with an interview by the *distinguished proprietor*.

We now enter the lovely vale of Annamoe, through which a beautiful trout stream takes its course, cross the bridge of Annamoe, and a mile or two further on reach the beautifully situated village of Laragh, at the junction of the three valleys of Laragh, Clara, and Glendalough. Another mile and a half and we are in Glendalough itself, the "Valley of the Two Lakes," and the site of the Seven Churches.

We pull up at the Royal Hotel after a splendid drive of about three hours' duration, and are immediately besieged by vociferous guides, one of whom our driver informs us it will be necessary to take, as otherwise we should miss many objects of interest. We leave it to him to settle the claims of the rival aspirants, and proceed to fortify ourselves by a comfortable luncheon for the sight-seeing, which we would gladly have got through in a less perfunctory manner.

After lunch, a gaunt, half-starved-looking individual was produced as the survivor of the fray, and to him we yielded up our freedom, and consented to be lectured on every individual stone of the Seven Churches, and to listen to the most astounding lies as to the doings of St. Kevin, King O'Toole, and the inevitable giant, Fin McCoul. The first thing the wretch did, however, was to introduce us to a couple of buxom but "distressful widdies" on the lookout for "back-sheesh," whose voluble blessings on receipt thereof almost blew our hats off.

By the way, there used to be a famous wise woman in Glendalough, whom a reverend gentleman of sceptical tendencies was once quizzing as to her supposed powers of divination.

Could she tell him what death he would die? No, but in consideration of half-a-crown she would tell him one death which

he most certainly need never fear. The half-crown was forthcoming, and was fairly earned by the quick-witted rejoinder, "Faith, then, your riverince will never die in childbed!"

The ruins of the Seven Churches — I suppose there are seven, but we saw no more than three — are very small, but of wonderful antiquity and archæological interest. Their erection is generally ascribed to the religious fervor and sanctity of St. Kevin, a hermit who flourished (if a hermit may be said to flourish) on the shores of Lake Glendalough at the beginning of the sixth century, and at whose death a cathedral church and other buildings were founded by one of the lords of the surrounding territory, around which a city subsequently sprang up, the site of which may even now be traced.

Tradition further states that the saint, whilst still young and handsome, suffered much gentle persecution at the hands of a certain Kathleen, who, being sorely smitten by his manly charms, could exist nowhere but in his presence, so that

Where'er he turned,  
Kathleen's eyes before him burned, —

eyes, too, of such "unholy blue" that, in order to escape their malign influence, the saint at last took refuge in a hollow in the face of the rock overhanging the lake, which still bears the name of St. Kevin's Bed, and in which, for a time at least, he appears to have been safe from her persecution. But even here she tracked him at last, and when the saint awoke one morning, there were the blue eyes bent upon him as usual in reproachful tenderness. This was more than the good man could stand, and with one shove from his brawny arms he launched her into the dark waters of the lake, and thenceforward, it is to be presumed, was permitted to perform his orisons in peace.

Tradition apart, however, the whole valley is full of ancient crosses and beautifully carved fragments, which point to its having been a distinguished seat of monastic culture at some very remote period. It is still regarded throughout Ireland as a place of extraordinary sanctity, and bodies are frequently brought from long distances to rest in the holy ground surrounding the cathedral church of St. Kevin.

Leaving the ruins behind us we proceed, to the accompaniment of the guide's incessant patter, along the southern shore of the lake to the Lugduff Inn, behind which is a very picturesque waterfall, in

one of the basins formed by which the head and recumbent figure of St. Kevin may be distinctly traced, with the aid of a little imagination, and their immediate recognition will avoid inflicting a severe wound on the guide's feelings. At the inn the "rale potheen" may be procured, but don't try it!

A boat is in waiting on the shore of the lake to take us to St. Kevin's Bed, to crouch in which uncomfortable dormitory is the ambition of all pilgrims to Glendalough, and is said to carry all sorts of blessings in its train. To reach it is, however, a feat requiring a certain amount of activity and nerve, as after having scrambled about twenty feet up the almost perpendicular rock to a ledge called St. Kevin's Chair, to sit in which is to be free from back-aches and rheumatism forever afterwards, you are invited by the guide to sit on a projecting ledge about as big as the palm of your hand, with the waters of the lake immediately under your feet, and thence to swing yourself neatly round the corner into the hole in which the anchorite was wont to spread his heathery couch, apparently as safe from intrusion as a martin in its nest. If the instructions of the guide are carefully followed, the climb, however, presents little difficulty, although to a lady the feat is highly creditable.

The boatman now rows us to the opposite shore of the lake, a distance of about a hundred yards, and we retrace our steps to the hotel, passing on our way the splendid Round Tower, one of the most perfect in Ireland, which rears itself in the very centre of the valley.

We dismissed our guide at the hotel, paying him for his lies at the rate of 4*d.* a dozen, or three shillings altogether, which, considering the exertion he must have undergone in concocting them, was very moderate, and about five in the afternoon remounted our car for the return to Bray.

The drive back was even pleasanter than that of the morning. The good little pony raced along quite oblivious of the twenty miles he had already placed to his credit, and apparently troubled only by eager anticipations of his supper.

The kindness with which his driver treated him was most exemplary; he kept up a quiet run of conversation with him (if it can be called conversation when the talk is all on one side), which the animal appeared thoroughly to enjoy, expostulating with him in the most paternal manner on his propensity to shy on the slightest

excuse, and once only exclaiming in injured tones, "Sure now, I've treated ye kindly, and it's impident ye're getting — now I'll bate ye;" the "bating" consisting of a few harmless strokes, which could hardly have hurt a fly. We reached our hotel about eight in the evening, too late for the *table d'hôte* dinner; but we had not been forgotten, and an excellent *réchauffé* awaited us. The charge for the drive was £1, which, considering the distance traversed, was exceedingly reasonable.

Our driver had not done with us yet, however, and insisted on our taking him round Bray Head in the morning, before departing for Dublin, promising us some magnificent views. He was quite right as to the views, although the drive consisted of a steep climb at a foot-pace through the woods which clothe the landward side of the promontory till we reached the short, crisp turf on the summit, when we skirted the edge of the cliffs, with a grand outlook over the blue waters of Dublin Bay, making the whole circuit of the head and descending by another road, from which exquisite glimpses of the Blue Wicklow Mountains are obtained athwart the stems of the fragrant pines.

We left Bray by the one o'clock train for Dublin with most pleasant reminiscences of lovely scenery and a genial, kind-hearted people.

A week's driving-tour through the County Wicklow under the convoy of an experienced and thoroughly good-natured guide, such as we found our friend George Riley to be, can be heartily recommended as one of the pleasantest holidays it is possible to take.

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From The Economist.

#### THE BAKU PETROLEUM INDUSTRY.

INCLUDED in a volume of commercial reports to the Foreign Office which has recently been issued, is an interesting account of the Baku petroleum industry by Mr. D. L. Peacock, the British vice consul at Batoum. After tracing the great development of the industry since the abolition of the monopoly in 1873, and of the excise duty in 1877, Mr. Peacock goes on to state that, notwithstanding the immense natural riches of the district, the producers and traders have been laboring under exceptional pecuniary difficulties during the past few years, these being

the natural result of the wild "rush" a few years ago of people of all classes to the Baku petroleum regions, when it was generally believed that in a short space of time American petroleum would be driven out of the European markets by the Russian product. These sanguine expectations were not realized, and hence the depression which has since prevailed. The American producers were not so easily put down, since they had for a long time ruled the petroleum trade in Europe, and possessed perfectly organized connections, together with great financial means. In the last two respects Russia was at a great disadvantage. The opening of the Trans-Caucasian Railway failed to bring to the Baku producers and traders the benefits anticipated, and the carrying capacity of the line proved to be inadequate. The commercial organization of the whole business was also defective. As a consequence, prices went down, and profits became rare exceptions. Competition increased, and owing to the actually hostile relations between the few large firms and the multitude of small refiners, affairs rapidly went from bad to worse. Affairs at last became so bad, that the government was asked to sanction a conference in order to devise some means of effecting an improvement. Accordingly, by an imperial order made in February, 1884, regular conferences were instituted at Baku, at which all the petroleum interests were represented, and special delegates also attended on behalf of the government. These conferences, of which three have been held, were not invested with any legislative or executive power, since all resolutions passed had to be submitted to the Russian government.

The first conference that was held led to an increase of accommodation on the Trans-Caucasian Railway, and at the port of Batoum, etc. And it is also owing to the suggestions of this conference that a variety of improvements have been applied in drilling and refining operations, and partly in the general management of the business; the checking and controlling of destructive and wasteful flowing wells by means of valve-caps; the lowering of railway rates and of freights by special conventions between shipping and railway companies, etc. The second conference, held in the spring of 1885, was an utter failure in every respect. The proceedings have never been published, and the practical results were actually nil. At the third conference, held in the

spring of this year, a number of questions were discussed, and some resolutions were passed. Of the latter, the two most important were, one to the effect that it is desirable that a bank should be established, on terms of reciprocal credit, for the special use of people connected with the petroleum industry and trade; and that in the mean while the local government bank should be authorized to issue loans on securities of petroleum products in stock, and to advance money against bills of lading, railway quittances, etc., and another referring especially to an increase in facilities on the Trans-Caucasian Railway. But neither of these are thought likely by Mr. Peacock to produce much good. He points out that during the last two years means of transport have almost doubled, and railway rates and freights on the Caspian and Black Sea have been considerably reduced, but that at the same time prices at the oil fields have fallen, and sales are only made at a loss. As to the extension of credit, he says that "the opening of additional and cheaper credit would almost certainly lead to increase of production, just the thing that could not but prove finally ruinous to producers and traders. As it is, operations are being carried on not on commercial principles, but by the theory of chances and gambling—and that is not what justifies any claim to credit. In the course of the last ten years Baku has been largely supplied with capital, locally as well as from Russia and European money markets, and considerable profits were derived from the petroleum trade in former years, and it was scarcely observed for some time that the majority of drillers and refiners were fatally drifting towards a crisis, but it is now admitted that they are on the brink of insolvency. The misfortune is ascribed to a great extent to want of cash, accompanied by stringency of credit, which, in fact, is but the effect, not the cause, of the anomalous conditions and unprofitableness of the petroleum trade in its present state of development." The main remedy for the present condition is considered by Mr. Peacock to be the construction of a pipeline from the Baku to some point on the Black Sea coast, for the transportation of crude oil. By this means it is thought that the yield of crude oil, which is much more than can be properly dealt with at Baku, may be profitably turned to account. Despite the present opposition to the scheme on the part of those interested in the transport of oil from Baku,

Mr. Peacock thinks that the pipe-line will necessarily be laid down in the near future. Another thing likely to affect the Baku oil industry is the probable transfer of many of the present works from their present almost bankrupt proprietors to wealthy firms. Already, in fact, the property and works of the Caspian and Black Sea Petroleum Company — one of the largest firms in the trade — have been acquired by the Messrs. Rothschild, of Paris.

In regard to the production of petroleum at and around Baku, the following figures are given, which show the quantities exported from Baku by the Trans-Caucasian Railway and by the Caspian to Russian and foreign markets: —

	1885. Gallons.	1884. Gallons.	1883. Gallons.
Kerosene . . .	137,000,000	109,000,000	72,000,000
Crude oil . . .	19,000,000	10,000,000	10,000,000
Residue . . .	170,500,000	142,800,000	87,000,000
Lubricating oil	7,950,000	7,200,000	5,000,000
Benzine . . .	140,000	380,100	240,000
Total	334,590,000	269,380,100	174,240,000

The production in 1885 was obtained from about one hundred and sixty wells. These are all that are productive out of about five hundred sunk since 1873. Of these one hundred and seventy are now utterly exhausted; sixty are abandoned on account of technical or financial difficulties; about forty are being kept idle for want of demand for crude oil; and seventy are not yet completed. There are one hundred and thirty-six refineries, of which the twelve largest are furnished with two hundred and sixteen stills, of a capacity of seven hundred and fifty thousand gallons, and producing yearly one hundred and twenty-five million gallons of kerosene; while the one hundred and twenty-four small refineries have three hundred and twenty-five stills, of a capacity of four hundred and seventy-five thousand gallons, and produce yearly about fifteen million gallons of kerosene. Owing to low prices, forty of the above-mentioned small refineries have entirely stopped operations, and at a great many others, not excepting large ones, work has for the same reason been partly suspended. It is estimated that by using the actual working capacity, taking three hundred working days, the twelve large refineries are prepared to turn out yearly two hundred million gallons, and the one hundred and twenty-four small refineries one hundred and twenty-five million gallons, of kerosene. The refining of lubricating oil is much less extensive, and is in

the hands of but a very few firms. The total production of lubricating oil in 1885 was about eight million gallons. This enormous increase in the production shown above has not been accompanied by any corresponding extension in the area of the territory where drilling operations are being carried on. Going back, in fact, to 1876, although more than three hundred wells have been bored, and the yearly production has increased from thirty million gallons to five hundred and seventy-five million gallons, the oil district has been confined to a distance of from three to nine miles from Baku, having a total area not exceeding twelve hundred acres.

No serious efforts, Mr. Peacock says, have been yet made to extend drilling operations to new territories, nor does there seem to be any pressing necessity for doing so, considering the more than sufficient yield of petroleum on the spot actually occupied. For the sake of speculation rather than from commercial necessity, some wells had been sunk in localities at a more or less considerable distance from the old territories without leading to any practical results, but a few desultory wells sunk at random can scarcely serve as a criterion of the potential capacity of new territories. It cannot be doubted that there are other tracts of oil-bearing territories in addition to those already known as productive, and that when the necessity presents itself such tracts are sure to be found along the coast of the Caspian, on a broken line of about sixty miles, stretching from Besh-Permak to Aliata, and intersecting the peninsula of Apsheron. But it is important to notice that for the present the Russian petroleum trade depends entirely on the above-mentioned old territories of a very limited area. The repeatedly tested petroleum region of the Kouban yields scarcely one per cent. of what the total production of Baku amounts to; and as to the much-boasted petroleum riches of the Trans-Caspian deserts, it must be said that the apparently most promising part of that territory, the Nephtenaga Gora (Petroleum Mountain), some eighteen miles from the station Balla-Isheh, gives but a few hundred gallons of crude oil per day. With regard again to the future, the fact should not be ignored that at Baku the level of the subterranean petroleum deposits is steadily lowering at the rate of about five feet for every fifty million gallons of crude oil extracted.

Although present prices at Baku leave



no profit to the refiners, the cost of production is said to be very low. The highest price of crude oil at the wells is one copeck per pound, or less than a farthing for five gallons, which is said safely to cover the cost of production. Refined oil costs the refiners about  $9\frac{1}{2}$  copecks per pound, or about 2*d.* for five gallons, exclusive of wear and tear of plant, expenses of management, and the very heavy interest upon the capital invested. These, but especially the latter, together with the inordinate charges for storage of oil, and the expensive and insufficient railway

facilities, suffice heavily to handicap the Russian produce in the European markets. Nevertheless, these difficulties will no doubt be overcome sooner or later, and when a change does take place, Mr. Peacock thinks that English capitalists should be on the alert to secure a share in the petroleum industry. At present there is no English capital employed at Baku, and in the circumstances, this is not to be regretted, but before long the Russian petroleum fields may prove a good investment not to be disregarded. The chief thing is to seize the right time for action.

#### AN EARLY QUAKER MARRIAGE CONTRACT.

—An interesting document, apparently one of the earliest records connected with Quaker marriages, has been recently brought to our notice. We print it verbatim, omitting only the names of the parties:—

Whereas it doth appear By the Records of the men's Meeting of ye People of the Lord Called Quakers in the County of Somersett Robert B—— of filton *als* Whitchurch in the County aforesaid Blacksmith and Mary I—— of Brislington in the same County did on the one and thirtieth day of the third month in the yeare one thousand Six Hundred Seaventy and Eight manifest their Intentions of Marriage and whereas such their Intentions ware on the fourth day of ye Sixt Month in the year aforesaid Published in the Publick meeting house of ye said People of the Lord in the Presents of many People there Congrigated and since that on Inquiry there appears noe Just Cause wherefore their Marriage should be obstructed Now therefore whose names are hereunder subscribed are witnesses that on the day of the date hereof the said Robert B—— did in the Presents of the Lord and Us all Take the said Mary I—— to be his Wife and that the said Mary I—— did take the said Robert B—— to be her Husband and that they did mutually promise each to other to Live together as Husband and Wife in Love and faithfullnesse according to God's ordinance Untill by Death they shall be separated and that alsoe the said Robert and Mary as a further Testimony of such their Taking Each other and of Such their Promise each to other have Hereunto with Us sett their Hands this Third day of the Eighth month in the yeare one thousand Six hundred Seaventy and Eight

John Heale	Robert B——
& 23 others,	Mary M B
of whom	her
one man and three women	marke
made their	
marks.	

In the preface to the "Book of Christian Discipline of the Religious Society of Friends in Great Britain, consisting of Extracts on Doctrine, Practice, and Church Government, from the Epistles and other documents issued under the sanction of the yearly meeting held in London from its first institution in 1672 to the year 1883," it is stated that

From the year 1672, down to 1781, the minutes of the yearly meeting, in relation to these subjects, were preserved and circulated in manuscript—each monthly or quarterly meeting being expected to make provision for the supply of copies for the use of its own members.

In 1781 a digest was prepared of the "regulations and advices issued up to that period." This digest having been afterwards revised, "compared with the original records," and submitted to the yearly meeting of 1782, was published "as approved by that meeting." There have been five editions of this work, showing various modifications; but the document we now print, of which the date is only six years later than that of the earliest of the minutes referred to in the preface above quoted, shows that the usages of the Society of Friends in regard to marriage have been from the outset much what they now are. By the second section of the Marriage Act (6 and 7 William IV., c. 85), it is provided that "the Society of Friends, commonly called Quakers . . . may continue to contract and solemnize marriage according to the usages of the said Society," and such marriages, when both parties are members of the Society, are "declared and confirmed good in Law."

Academy.